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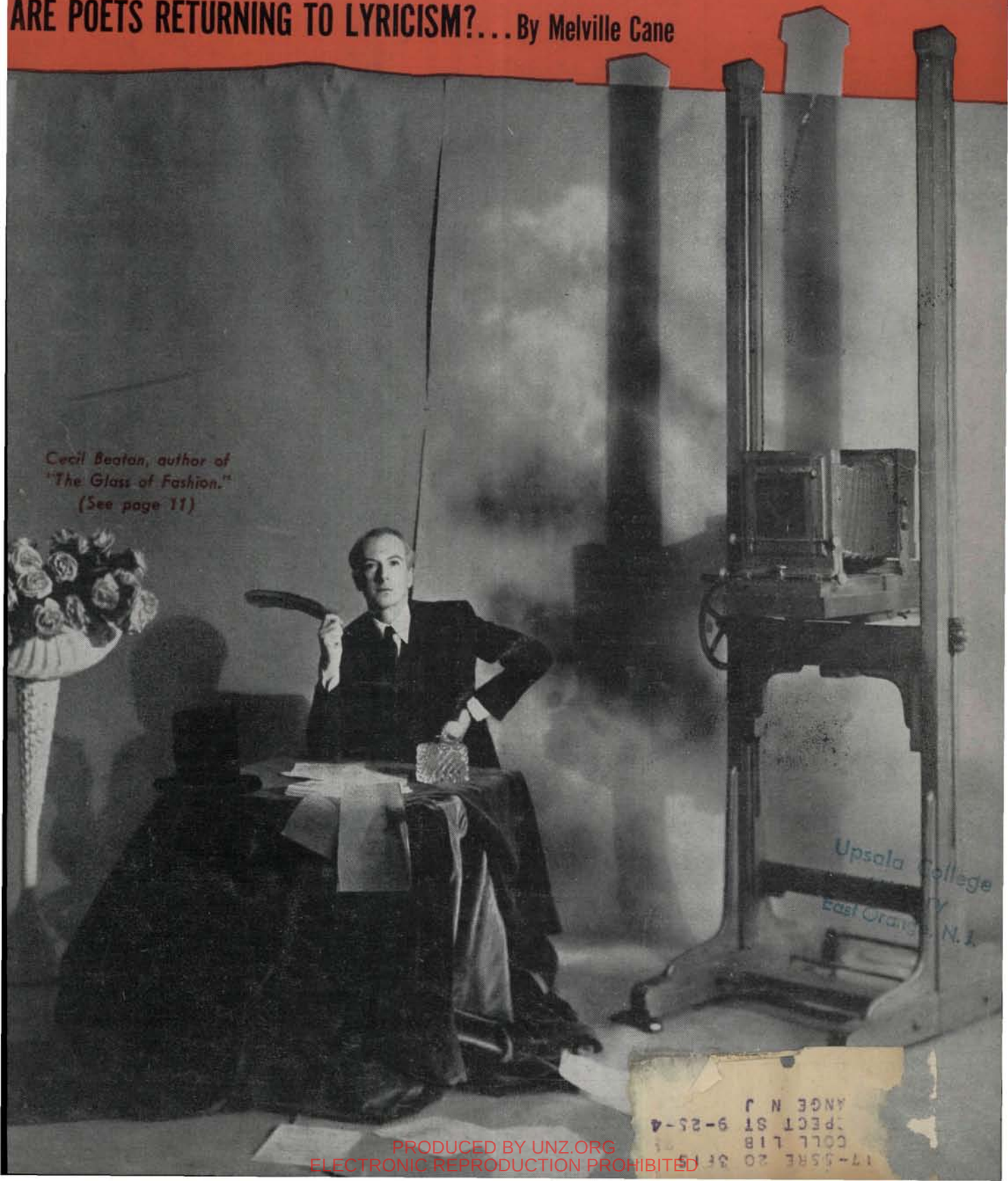
Saturday Review

JANUARY 16, 1954 / 20¢

ARE POETS RETURNING TO LYRICISM?... By Melville Cane



Cecil Beaton, author of "The Glass of Fashion." (See page 11)

Upsala College
East Orange, N. J.

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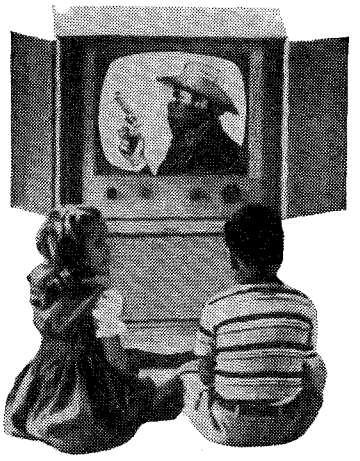
What can we do?



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Maybe you feel that way these days about your own investments.

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The Saturday Review

JANUARY 16, 1954

Cover Photograph (Self Portrait) by Cecil Beaton

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SR's Library Poll

A VOLUME of historical romance and an experienced journalist's appraisal of the present-day European scene are the two titles appearing for the first time this week on *SR*'s survey of popular reading taste as reported by public libraries across the country. Frank Yerby's "The Devil's Laughter" is the item for escapists and Theodore H. White's "Fire in the Ashes" is the book concerned with contemporary affairs of international importance.

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **Lélia**
   by André Maurois (G)*
2. **Lord Vanity**
   by Samuel Shellabarger (F)**
3. **The Power of Positive Thinking**
   by Norman Vincent Peale (G)
4. **Too Late the Phalarope**
   by Alan Paton (F)
5. **The Adventures of Augie March**
   by Saul Bellow (F)
6. **From Here to Eternity**
   by James Jones (F)
7. **Beyond This Place**
   by A. J. Cronin (F)
8. **Time and Time Again**
   by James Hilton (F)
9. **Battle Cry**
   by Leon Uris (F)
10. **A House Is Not a Home**
    by Polly Adler (G)
11. **Gone With the Windsors**
    by Iles Brody (G)
12. **Désirée**
    by Annemarie Selinko (F)
13. **Life Is Worth Living**
    by Fulton J. Sheen (G)
14. **The Caine Mutiny**
    by Herman Wouk (F)
15. **Sexual Behavior in the Human Female**
    by Alfred C. Kinsey *et al.* (G)
16. **Flying Saucers from Outer Space**
    by D. E. Keyhoe (G)
17. **The Devil's Laughter**
    by Frank Yerby (F)
18. **A Man Called Peter**
    by Catherine Marshall (G)
19. **Call Me Lucky**
    by Bing Crosby (G)
20. **Fire in the Ashes**
    by Theodore H. White (G)

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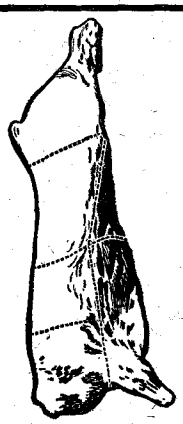
(G)—General
(F)—Fiction

How come $1.00 steak from 25¢ steers?

1000 lbs. Steer
at 25.8¢ per lb.
Packer pays $258.00

Production costs of cattle raisers and feeders include breeding stock, death losses, feed and labor, land use, taxes, interest, supplies, equipment and other expenses for the three full years it takes to produce and feed a choice grade steer.



590 lbs. Beef
at 41¢ per lb.
Retailer pays $241.90

Value of by-products, such as hides, fats, hair, animal feeds, etc., helps offset packers' dressing, handling and selling expenses, so that usually the beef from a steer actually is sold to the retailer for less than the live animal costs. As shown above, packer pays $258.00 for typical 1000-lb. steer—sells meat for $241.90*.

	Lbs.	Retail Price	Total
Porterhouse, T-bone & Club Steak	35	$1.00	$35.00
Sirloin Steak	55	.88	48.40
Round Steak	50	.77	38.50
Rib Roast	30	.65	19.50
Boneless Rump Roast	25	.89	22.25
Chuck Roast	105	.55	57.75
Hamburger	100	.42	42.00
Stew Meat & Misc. cuts	50	.56	28.00

450 lbs. of Retail Cuts
Consumer pays $291.40

Retail markup takes into account such costs—and they've been rising—as rent, labor, depreciation on equipment and fixtures, etc. Also there is a loss of weight averaging 140 lbs. from shrinkage, fat and bones not salable to consumers. Prices are typical**.

All cuts of beef are equally nourishing.

If there were equal amounts of all, with an equal demand for all, steak and hamburger and stew meat would all sell at the same price.

But that just isn't the case—see table at right, above.

In general, demand is concentrated on steaks and roasts. This is why porterhouse steak, for example, may sell in some stores for $1.00 while hamburger sells for 42¢.

If consumers don't want steak badly enough to pay $1.00 for it, the price goes down. If they demand more hamburger and the supply does not increase in line with increased demand, the price goes up.

That's how the law of supply and demand works.

*Based on actual government figures—Chicago market reports of U.S. Dept. of Agriculture for choice-grade steers and choice-grade beef, mid-October, 1953.

**Retail prices shown above are averages for all kinds of Chicago stores, including cash-and-carry, charge-and-deliver, in high rent areas and in low rent areas. Prices in some stores may be higher . . . in others lower.

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TRADE Winds

THE CUSTOMERS ALWAYS WRITE

HARRY STEPHEN KEELER, of the Mystery Writers of America, addressed this missive to a Boston publisher: "I have a novel I should like to submit to you, but should state that it contains neither fornication nor mayhem. Will you consider it?" Back came a neatly engraved card reading, "Based on the information you gave us, we regret to say that your novel does not appear to be a work which will fit in with our publishing requirements."

THE NEWSPAPER strike in New York last month, which caused seven major dailies to suspend publication for over a week, forced an embarrassed friend of Fred Allen to cover the bottom of his bird cage with a radio. The bird later received three nasty letters from Lowell Thomas as a result. . . . Have you been reading Laura Hobson's new column for INS? Top-drawer, solid stuff, as anybody who followed her pinch-hitting TRADE WINDS stints might have known she'd deliver. . . . John O'Hara has signed to do a regular feature for *Collier's,* beginning with the February 5 issue. Title: "Appointment with O'Hara." . . . Another first-rate author who's joined the ranks of the columnists is Meyer Levin. . . . Richard Haydn, washing his hands at a Hollywood restaurant frequented by surrealist poets and dabblers in the higher arts, was mildly startled to find penciled on the wall of the gents' room the legend, "Abramovich is a neo-classicist!" . . . A syndicated story quoted film star Rita Hayworth to the effect that "she was flat busted and felt sorry for her husband, Dick Haymes, who had worries of his own." This information piqued Brad Morison, of the *Minneapolis Tribune,* and the following quatrain was the result:

Impoverished Rita, so they say,
Remains a standout in her way.

Behold, then, one flat busted
debtor
Who still looks better
In a sweater!

THE PUNS INCLUDED in the following communique from Bernie Hart are entirely his own (who else's?) and under no circumstances are to be considered his worst:

Dear Bennett:
I have just formed a new organization called "Theatre in the Ground" which will operate over the Cemetery Circuit. Director: Paul Bearer. Star: Red Skeleton. Repertoire: "Autopsy and Eva," "Boy Meets Ghoul," "Three Men on a Hearse," "Home of the Grave," and "Three's a Shroud." Send in your subscription by post mortem and let us enter same in our necro-files.
Next year we mean to have a "Theatre in the Street" with a new play by Tenement Williams and a revival of Monsewer Beaucaire, reviewed for the *Tribune* by Bert McCurb. For an overture the orchestra will render "Avenue Heard: I Married an Angel."

Cordy-alley,
Bernie Hart

RICHARD ARMOUR, author of "It All Started with Columbus," writes:

I don't know whether it has ever been brought to your attention that *Good Housekeeping*'s Margaret Cousins (no relation to the editor of *SR*) sometimes accompanies returned poems with a graceful rejection in verse. One of these—one of her very best—came to me as a blow-softener the other day. It elicited from me this response:

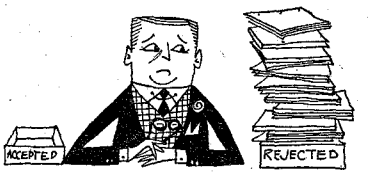
I love your poems of rejection,
Your deftly metered No's,
Yet still I have a predilection
For checks you write in prose.

SPEAKING OF GRACEFUL rejections, Frank Morley dug one up in London for the Columbia University Press that's a beaut. It's a letter that David Garrick dispatched to a wealthy patroness who obviously was trying to find a little easy work for a boyfriend:

Madam:
I shall always be happy to obey your Grace's Commands but our Company at present is so full, and all the Parts dispos'd of, that I could not without great injustice to those Actors I have already engag'd, employ the person you recommended.
I have given Mr. Collins the best advice in my Power, and assur'd him that I shall be ready at the End of the Season to examine his qualifications for the Stage. If your Grace will permit me to speak my Mind, I think he has the most unpromising Aspect for an Actor I ever saw—a small pair of unmeaning Eyes stuck in a round unthinking face are not the most desirable requisites for a Hero, or a fine Gentleman—however I will give him a Tryal if he is unemploy'd at that time of the year, and if he can be of the least Service to me or himself, I shall most certainly obey your Grace's Commands—Mrs. Garrick presents her respects to Your Grace, and thinks herself greatly honour'd by your mention of her—

I am,
Madam
Your Grace's
most humble & most
Obedient Servant
D. Garrick

Robert Haas, the well-dressed publisher, does his share of rejecting too—sometimes as many as twenty manuscripts a week. In fact, he's toying with the notion of writing his autobiography, just so he can title it "My Declining Years."



FROM ADA B. NISBET, of the University of California:

When the next Hollywood awards come around I thought maybe you would be interested in quoting—or possibly reproducing—the *Punch* cartoon of January 14, 1882, showing Oscar Wilde being interviewed by journalists after he received the Newdigate Prize. The caption reads: "Precisely—I took the Newdigate. Oh! no doubt, every year some man gets the Newdigate; but not every year does Newdigate get an Oscar." I have read various explanations of the origin of the term "Oscar," but to my knowledge no one has suggested this Wildean quip as the possible origin of the term.

ROBERT COUSINS, book editor for Croft Publications in New London, writes about a long-distance phone call he put through to Dale Carnegie in New York. He had hunted in his files and discovered the number on an old letterhead of Mr. Carnegie.
The operator announced that Mr. C. was out of town, but that his talented bride was on the other end of the wire, and would Mr. Cousins speak to her? Mr. Cousins said, "Yes."
After the usual pleasantries Mrs. Carnegie asked, "How on earth did you track me down here?" Cousins told her about the old letterhead.

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"Well," said Mrs. Carnegie, "Boulevard 8-1230 was our number all right, but we discontinued it exactly nine years ago. It was later taken over by a beauty shop in Forest Hills—and that's where I am right now having my hair washed!"

SAMUEL ROTH HAS sent me the following poem from a new French edition of "Forty-Five Fables of La Fontaine," probably surmising that I didn't know the origin of my own name. Anyhow, it will give you a chance to brush up for a moment on your French:

Le Cerf Malade

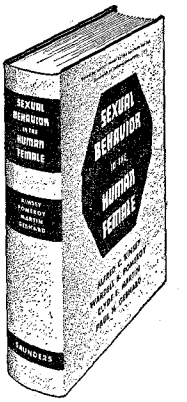
En païs plein de Cerfs un Cerf
tomba malade.
Incontinent maint Camarade
Accourt à son grabat le voir, le
secourir,
Le consoler du moins: multitude
importune.
Eh! Messieurs, laissez-moi
mourir.
Permettez qu'en forme commune
La parque m'expedie, et finissez
vos pleurs.
Point du tout; les Consolateurs
De ce triste devoir tout au long
s'acquitterent;
Quand il plut à Dieu s'en allerent.
Ce ne fut pas sans boire un coup,
C'est-à-dire sans prendre un droit
de pâturage.
Tout se mit à brouter les bois du
voisinage.
La pitance du Cerf en déchut de
beaucoup;
Il ne trouva plus rien à frire.
D'un mal il tomba dans un pire
Et se vid teduit à la fin
A jeûner et mourir de faim.
Il en coûte a qui vous reclame,
Medecins du corps et de l'ame.
O temps, ô moeurs! J'ai beau
crier,
Tout le monde se fait païer.

TRADE WINDS contributors are using more unusual words these days, too. Corinne Wagner, for instance, who thinks some of the speakers at Book and Author luncheons don't know when to stop, suggests that Irita Van Doren get hold of a clepsydra. This, I learned, was an ancient instrument for measuring time by the efflux of water through a small orifice (same principle as the hour glass). It was used in Athenian courts, where each arbiter was allowed just so much water for his speech, the quantity depending on the importance of the suit. . . . And Archie Ogden, obviously anxious to promote the sale of dictionaries, not only calls a competitor "a fubsy clinchpoop," but charges that his wife is "bathukolpian."

The latter, insists a Miss Jane Russell, is not as bad as it sounds.

—BENNETT CERF.

In understandable and meaningful terms



It was not the Kinsey group, to be sure, which discovered the existence of a difference between men and women in the matter of psychologic responses.

On the other hand, it is a generally recognized fact that the Kinsey Report's chapter on PSYCHOLOGIC FACTORS AFFECTING SEXUAL RESPONSE is the first successful effort to interpret this basic difference *in terms understandable and meaningful to the average layman.*

The book can help women better understand themselves. And a thorough reading of it can, as one reviewer pointed out, "make any *man* a more understanding husband."

By ***Alfred C. Kinsey, Wardell B. Pomeroy, Clyde E. Martin, Paul H. Gebhard,*** and others at the ***Institute for Sex Research at Indiana University.***

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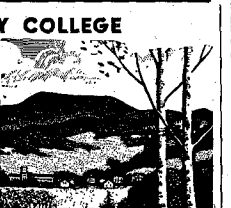

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Arthur Jensen, *Dartmouth*, on the Victorian era and Old Testament Literature.
John Kelleher, *Harvard*, on Modern Irish Prose and Poetry.
Clifford Lyons, *North Carolina*, on Shakespeare and Elizabethan Drama.
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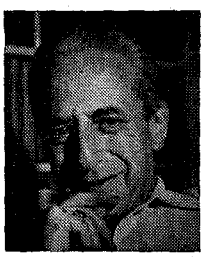
The Saturday Review
JANUARY 16, 1954

ARE POETS RETURNING TO LYRICISM?



By MELVILLE CANE

Our crystal-ball-gazer into the future of poetry, Melville Cane, is a New York attorney who specializes in literary matters. In addition he is the author of several volumes of poetry and a recent collection of essays entitled "Making a Poem."

WHAT are the prospects for the poetry of tomorrow? From what influences, once potent, do we now turn away? To what sources do we look for fresh energies? Let me try to answer these questions not as a professional literary critic (which I am not) but as a practising poet concerned chiefly with his own problems in the art.

I venture the generalization that the dominant but by no means sole character of poetry in our time has been intellectual rather than emotional. The approach is conscious rather than spontaneous. The operation is calculated, and the product, by and large, is nonlyrical. Certainly, T. S. Eliot, its most influential representative, can hardly be classified as a lyric poet. In his poetry feeling rarely mounts to passion; it is usually muted and subordinate to reflection.

The intellectual approach has been of especial value in enlarging the area of poetic interest and therefore in making available a constantly fresh body of subject matter. It is persistently exploratory; its curiosity for examining the nature of man and his place in the universe is insatiable. In this quest it takes to itself the latest discoveries of the natural sciences and becomes enriched by the revelations of psychology in penetrating the mysteries and motivations of the human soul.

And since, as I contend, this poetry originates primarily in the mind, it is not surprising that it should concern itself with wit, in the metaphysical sense, with the fashioning of conceits, and with satire and irony. For the creation of its effects it is apt to draw freely on erudition; a favorite device is to lift a line or phrase or image from an earlier author and insert it in the new poem in order to heighten the impact of connotation. Or it may draw from foreign tongues and literatures, as Eliot did so notably in "The Waste Land," and as was Pound's common practice.

A question soon arises, however, concerning the amount of scholarly allusion which a poem can successfully carry. In seeking the answer one faces the ever-present problem of communication. It is a commonplace, which nevertheless insists on constant reassertion, that the creative act—whether in making a poem or any other form of art—is twofold: an offering and a response. The complete realization of a poem depends on the partnership between writer and reader. I am assuming a reader who is qualified by training and open-mindedness to give the poet a fair hearing. The reader is both entitled and required to share in the creation by actively using his imagination. Therefore, the poet cannot be satisfied with merely pleasing himself.

IT SEEMS to me that he merely pleases himself and is unfair to the reader when he operates within the thick hedge of his private scholarship. In

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so doing he refuses to take the reader into his confidence and creates a condition of impenetrability for which he alone is to blame. The resultant obscurity is not due to the form of statement, which may well be precise and unclouded, but rather to the distance lying between the body of his material and the capacity of the reader, no matter how attentive, to apprehend and assimilate it. A poem that requires a set of footnotes and a glossary for its elucidation has lost its esthetic virtue; it survives, if at all, as an exercise in exegetics in the guise of verse.

By the very nature of his effort to escape from past attitudes and restrictions, by the speculative consideration of his creative position, the intellectual poet is likely to become beguiled into the construction of theories and consciously or unconsciously to think as a critic rather than to feel as a poet. In examining a fair sample of modern poetry one is struck by the presence of an underlying, even dominating, determination to write according to some formula rather than out of an inner compulsion for personal utterance. Indeed, it often seems as though the writer had mistaken his role and instead should have followed his true vocation as a literary critic. It is not astonishing that so many of these poets are at the same time accomplished and perceptive literary critics. But the fact that they are first of all critics and only incidentally poets is evidenced by the tone, or one might say the tonelessness, of their verse. It lacks singularity, carries no personal mark of identification, and can be as readily assignable to one man as to another. A poem in order to survive must be memorable.

TURNING from this sketchy inventory of the substantive matter of modern verse to the manner, the treatment, one is impressed by definite and wide gains in technique. The present-day poet, regardless of esthetic school or sect, is generally speaking, and always with striking exceptions, a finer craftsman than his predecessors. His revolt from and disdain of traditional form have sharpened his appetite for experimentation and carried him far into fertile fields of innovation. In so doing he has been aided and influenced by many movements already current, such as imagism, the process of free association, and the introduction of straight prose into the corpus of his compositions. And, of course, free verse.

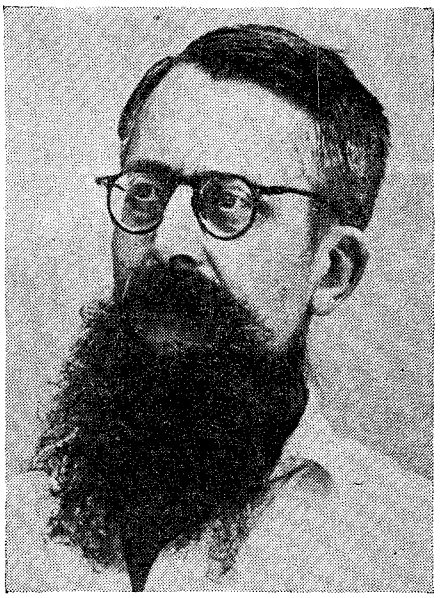
His debt to imagism is deep and abiding, since it was the Imagists in the earlier decades of the century who stressed the need of a closer scrutiny of the natural world in order to extract and set down the full and exact flavor and color of each object. The modern poet has thus been made increasingly and more subtly aware of his sensorial equipment and of his need to avoid vagueness and imprecision.

Along with his concern for accuracy the poet of our time constantly strives for wider extensions and expansions of his craftsmanship and his subject matter. He opens up the channel of his unconscious and lets flow its unpredictable stream, to wander however waywardly it may. He surrenders to the mysterious surrealistic life of dream, with its rich yield of hidden symbols. In the operation his art develops intricacy, complexity, a more flexible texture, and an undercurrent of counterpoint. Musically speaking, the modern poet works for harmony rather than for melody.

As to meter, the very nature of the modern poet's enterprise seems to call for free verse and the subordination of rhyme. Paradoxically, free verse to be successfully employed must obey its own laws of form and design. Its freedom is not absolute but comparative. In the hands of its most competent users one always senses the presence of an underlying control. Pegasus is still directed in his flights, but with a looser rein.

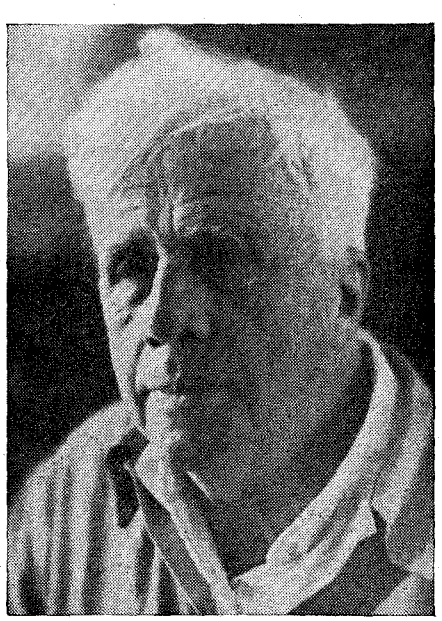
A modern poem, technically, may not unlikely turn out to be a composite creation, a mosaic with a free verse base, lines of disparate lengths and stresses, lines that match equally, beat for beat, and end in pure rhyme, and possibly with a return for the moment to the meter of blank verse, the traditional iambic pentameter. To ingredients such as these the poet may add for more cunning effects the devices of sprung rhythm originated by Gerard Manley Hopkins, assonance, and—perhaps most importantly—a mixture of straight prose. Let it be noted in passing, however, that the skilful composer of avant-garde verse is equally at home in the traditional meters. The English poet William Empson, for example, has taken the villanelle, an artificial French form of strictest pattern, and endowed it with impressive vitality.

The introduction of prose into the texture presents a question of legitimacy. As a means of creating contrast it doubtless has value, but by and large it would seem to constitute an alien medium inimical to the laws and spirit of verse-making. However, in the adroit hands of a Robert Frost what was nothing more than ordinary prose in its inception can be transmuted and raised to the estate of verse. The danger in the use of prose lies in its tendency to become overdiscursive and conversational, in short, to be more prose than poetry. Too



William Empson—"impressive vitality."

Dylan Thomas—"pervasive joyousness."



Robert Frost—"adroit hands."

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many poets are talkers when they ought to be singers.

Modern poetry continues in the line of Wordsworth and Browning and Hardy to annex outlying territories of living speech; it does not hesitate to employ current idioms, contemporary slang, the daily vocabulary of the marketplace. "Poetic language" no longer exists in any aristocratic sense; all language, democratically, is qualified to serve, the only stricture being that of fitness to the theme and the mood.

The advances made over the poetry of the nineteenth century would seem to relate principally to matters of technique and attitude rather than of imagination and vision. The nineteenth-century poet, especially in America, was generally content to work in the established meters and forms; until the advent of Poe and Sidney Lanier there is little evidence of that kind of esthetic curiosity and inquiry we find among the moderns. By omitting Whitman from this category I know I am taking an unpopular stand. I contend, however, that while Whitman proved a mighty force in liberating our poetry from the shackles of convention his motivation and ideals seem essentially those of a religious and humanitarian crusader. His disposition and talents were primarily those of the orator, the preacher, and the prophet. We gladly and gratefully acknowledge our debt to him for his majestic Biblical line and as the founder and father of free verse, but we should not overlook the fact that as artist *per se* he was lacking in the necessary responsibility. Except for a few sublimely glorious successes his torrential poetic energy rushes unharnessed and headlong.

WHITMAN'S influence on modern poetry, whether intellectual or lyrical, has been undeniably far-reaching and of solid worth. But has it always been a good influence? Can it not be fairly asserted that the scriptural rhythms of the King James version of the Bible, however noble, are essentially those of prose lifted to its most exalted level? And is it not a cardinal fault in modern verse that its tendency to sacrifice and scrap the basic distinctions between verse and prose has often worked an injury to poetry? Has it not watered poetry down?

In our estimate of the many technical gains of the poetry of our generation we must properly take into account its weaknesses; the most serious, as it seems to me, has been the failure to recognize that in his legitimate roving along new and wider avenues of expression, in his pursuit of flexibility and firmness of outline, the modern poet has often let these pre-

(*Continued on page* 40)

Leonard Bacon

THERE are some writers of distinction who make an impression upon their area of culture which cannot be measured by the usual criteria of literary excellence. Leonard Bacon was such a man. As a poet he had to his credit a shelfful of books which ranged from social satire to narratives of high fantasy and lyrics of great emotional intensity. He was a master of both the long and the short—epigrams of an admirable brevity and stories in which his imagination poured like a rushing river. He never feared to use his full and various powers and, like the Elizabethans, set full expression rather than niggardly perfection as his goal. He was a knight errant in poetry, a militant aristocrat, writing for gentlemen, and concerned with the emotions of gentlemen in no snobbish sense of the word, but rather with a confidence in his pen and with an integrity in his values which were not necessarily finer than the social controversies of our immediate times, but perhaps more durable in the history of literature, and especially English literature, to which he was born by long descent. He was too unrestrained to fit in the Augustan period of the eighteenth century, and too essentially sweet in nature. He would have flourished among the romantic aristocrats of our early nineteenth century: Shelley in his internal conflicts, Lord Byron in his passionate impulses, Wordsworth in his love of the land. He never attained their stature; who has in our literature? But he made his unmistakable mark and received, if not great fame, at least his deserved awards.

But his friends—and how many there were of them from California to Italy!—while not unimpressed by his literary achievements, will remember him best as a Good Companion of our times. He lived for his company; and it could scarcely say where his prose ended and his poetry began. It is a bad climate today for knight errants in search of noble truth and beauty. But he breasted it like a plane in smog and sunlight. Those who knew him through books, and most of all the man, will grieve for Leonard Bacon.

Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings

MARJORIE KINNAN RAWLINGS, whose death was announced last month, represented eminently two of the strongest traditions of American literary tradition. She was a brilliant and imaginative interpreter of nature, inspired by the charms, by the grandeurs and the vivid differences between nature in the New World and in the Old. And here she had the good fortune for most of her books to live intimately in the subtropics of Florida, where the rivers particularly are among the most beautiful, most truly glamorous in the world. No one who has read "The Yearling" will forget the scenery through which father and son pursued the great bear. No one who remembers the live oaks of "Cross Creek" hammocks, or the exuberance of palm, orange, and grapefruit about her home there, can think of that mingling of wilderness and garden without forgiving (a little) Florida for its trailer slums and the sullied tide of too many of its beaches.

Even more emphatically Mrs. Rawlings belongs high among the best of American regional novelists. There is a tenderness in "The Yearling" and an intuitive sympathy with simple life which give that fine story an unstressed emotion of sentiment—never sentimetality—which most fictionists of the great West never attained. These pioneers of the swamps and piney woods, who were still pioneers in courage and adventure when hotels and bungalows and palaces were being knocked up along the shore country, are as superbly contained and controlled by their own environment as Hardy's peasants or Tolstoy's villagers.

Mrs. Rawlings has earned her place in what is perhaps the most characteristic literature which the United States has given to enduring English.

—H. S. C.

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FASHION

Style for the Birdie

Cecil Beaton's "The Glass of Fashion" *(Doubleday. 397 pp. $7.50) is a history of society in our times as revealed through dress, adornment, interior decoration, and cuisine—the work of a celebrated portrait photographer, decorator, stage-set and costume designer, and critic. Here it and its implications are discussed by Lloyd Morris, author of "Incredible New York," "Curtain Time," and other social histories.*

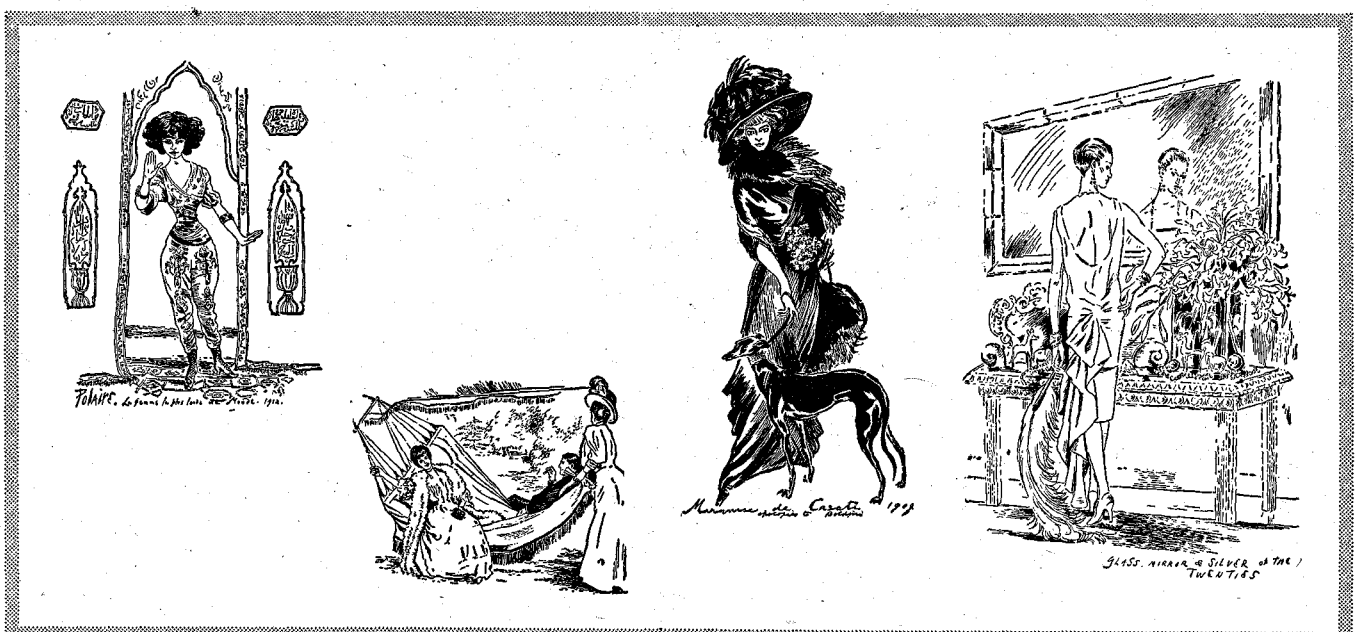
By Lloyd Morris

A CASUAL observer of the American scene would probably assert that fashion and the minor arts associated with it are flourishing now as never before. In the broadest sense fashion embraces those arts which minister to a gracious private life, and this is a sphere in which women, not men, continue to be the final arbiters. The arts of dress and adornment, of interior design, of the preparation and serving of food are obviously subject to fashion, to mention only a few. That fashion itself has been transformed by the social changes of the past half century is indicated by the disappearance or obsolescence of some minor arts. The art of the portrait-painter, for example, is virtually in abeyance. There is no contemporary equivalent of Sargent, Boldini, Jacques-Emile Blanche, Augustus John. Although the general level of our culinary art is certainly higher than ever, the traditional *haute cuisine* has vanished. When, occasionally, it is revived at a carefully rehearsed and widely reported banquet of gourmets the effort is likely to impress us as an anachronism.

The taste of the average American, we are assured, has greatly improved. But designers of furniture are flooding us with costly chairs and tables which, in their unabashed metal nudity, resemble agricultural implements taken indoors for protection from the weather. The currently popular suburban "ranch-type" home has neither the convenience nor the beauty of a house designed and furnished by Frank Lloyd Wright recently exhibited in New York and capable of being built at no greater cost. If popular taste had improved as much as we like to believe the cheap furniture, fabrics, and decorative objects manufactured for mass consumption might, on the whole, be less ugly than they actually are.

At the turn of the century fashion and the minor arts depended on the patronage of a wealthy minority addicted to luxury. In the era of gilt and glitter the prevailing standard of elegance was set by a very few women: members of the Fifth Avenue and Newport élite, stars of the stage and opera, representatives of the *demimonde*. All were women of marked individuality. They aspired to be inimitable. They contrived an illusion of glamour by an incessant—and financially extravagant—exercise of personal caprice. Nowadays glamour is no longer an illusion produced by imagination and prodigality. Its components are articles of commerce, widely publicized; glamour is declared to be easily, and almost universally, attainable.

FASHION, today, does not cater to a privileged minority but to a vast, anonymous, feminine public. It has therefore ceased to interpret individuality, or be obedient to personal caprice. Instead, it perpetually strives to anticipate the vagaries of mass taste. An immense industrial complex links the American woman, wherever resident, to the ateliers of Paris, New York, and Hollywood. The mode of the hour—in dress, adornment, décor, cuisine, pastimes, pictorial and literary art—is brought to her by such remarkable publications as *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar*. To this campaign of education the mass-circulation magazines, the feature pages of the daily press, and the charming feminine commentators on television all contribute. As a result fashion and the arts which it embraces have been democratized. The material elements of a gracious private life are readily available throughout the land. If elegance depended only on the wide diffusion of these elements it would be ubiquitous. But elegance, Cecil Beaton intimates, is disappearing from contemporary life. It is inseparable, he claims, from



—By Cecil Beaton, from "The Glass of Fashion."

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the confident assertion of individuality, and today the pressures toward conformity have become too powerful to be successfully resisted.

This is the underlying theme of Mr. Beaton's new book, "The Glass of Fashion," which reviews the history of fashion and its minor arts during the past half-century and which reaches the melancholy conclusions that "fashion as it once was is now nonexistent"; that "its practitioners, like roof thatchers, are a disappearing race in our modern world." It is within the realm of fashion that Mr. Beaton has carried on his long, exceptionally versatile career as a portrait photographer, decorator, designer of stage sets and costumes, and critic. He writes with an authority derived from professional experience in England, France, and the United States, and with an acute sense that "all fashion artists, whatever their medium, learn that the odds are against their survival" because their vocation is to give expression to the immediate and ephemeral.

Though autobiographical in tone, "The Glass of Fashion" is essentially a work of social history, made entertaining by the author's flair for vivid characterization and revealing anecdote, and abundantly illustrated by his vigorous drawings. Mr. Beaton describes his book as "a subjective account" of "those people who have influenced the art of living in the half-century of my own lifetime." It is, however, a record of constantly changing taste, both esthetic and social, an appraisal of the various forces to which taste has responded, and a cavalcade of individuals many of whom have been significant and nearly all of whom are interesting.

Mr. Beaton does not confine his scene to the *haut monde*, though necessarily much of the action takes place there. He is concerned not only with the leaders of fashion, and the artists and craftsmen who have served them, but also with those who, avoiding participation in the game of fashion, "cannot help being fashionable because of the authority with which they express their tastes." This category, quite properly, takes him outside the narrow precincts of "Society." In his book it is represented, for example, by the notorious Gaby Deslys, a star of the music halls and fabulously wealthy cocotte who, in the years before World War I, initiated a trend to the exotic and quasi-barbarous. It is represented also by Lina Cavalieri, an opera singer and famous beauty of the same era. La Cavalieri passed her childhood in hideous poverty; she never completely escaped from the *demimonde*; but she possessed the attributes of personal magnificence and distinction. Recognizing this, the Duchess of Rutland instructed her daughters: "If you wish to comport yourself in the most graceful and dignified manner possible, if you wish to assume beauty, if you wish to have the grace of a great lady, then you cannot do better than to study every detail and gesture of Lina Cavalieri."

ON THE American scene during the same period the most arresting personage was Mrs. Philip Lydig, to whom Mr. Beaton devotes a felicitous chapter. The sculptor MacMonnies considered her "a masterpiece of civilization," and her image remains potent in portraits by Sargent and Boldini, and sculptures by Rodin and Bourdelle. A great beauty and a distinguished hostess, she lived in splendor and gathered about her people of eminence in the arts, literature, politics, and the theatre. She collected works of art with infallible taste, and when she traveled she carried with her "fifty trunks as large as coffins, containing a more fabulous wardrobe than any that has been bequeathed to us during this century." (Much of her wardrobe is now preserved in two New York museums.) A passionate individualist, Mrs. Lydig tried to live as if existence were capable of being made a work of art. Unlike most American women of today, she despised conformity. Far from fearing to adopt fashions not consecrated by public approval, she "developed a style of dress to which she remained faithful despite all fashion changes," in this resembling an equally powerful personality, the French actress Sarah Bernhardt.

In two periods the connection between the arts and literature and fashion has been singularly close, and Mr. Beaton is at his best in writing of them. The first was produced by the impact of Diaghilev's Russian Ballet and the influences that subsequently radiated from it. The second occurred during the interval between the two World Wars when, in Paris, Mlle. Chanel drew into her orbit writers and painters, among them Jean Cocteau and Christian Bérard, and proceeded to revolutionize women's attire and appearance on two continents. This, in Mr. Beaton's opinion, was perhaps the final era of flowering for fashion and its varied arts. Speaking of the current trend in interior design he remarks: "There are few masters of our new idiom, there is far less solid craftsmanship, and the result is often as impersonal as the cellophane wrappings that insure the hygiene of American foodstuffs."

Socially, esthetically, and possibly vitally, we are being herded toward uniformity and depersonalization. Can we, as Mr. Beaton would like to believe, "continue to express the joy and the beauty of individual taste that selects, sifts, and creates the only values worth living for?" The contemporary failure to do this in the comparatively narrow field of fashion is "indicative of a far deeper failure in the whole range of contemporary life." But our present social conditions and the instability of our world are not propitious to "the stark beauty of individuality," and Mr. Beaton sadly contemplates a future society in which "nearly all of the important cultural values" will have perished.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

"ALLITERATION'S ARTFUL AID"

Helen Pettigrew of Charleston, Arkansas, submits twenty alliterative passages from, so to speak, Angloamerican alliterature. She suggests that if you allow yourself 2.5 points for each identified work, and 2.5 points for each identified author, a tally of 62.5 will be moderate and medium, 65 to 80, good and going-places, and 82.5 up fast, furious, and fine. Answers on page 39.

1. . . . rocks and rills
2. Your bonnie brow was brent
3. . . . palm and pine
4. But sturdy and staunch he stands
5. . . . dews and damps
6. Theirs but to do and die
7. And the hunter home from the hill
8. . . . and the gloom of the grave
9. . . . a day that is dead
10. And so beside the silent sea
11. The last of life
12. In a fellowless firmament
13. A little learning
14. The cock's shrill clarion
15. The willful waterweeds
16. In a dell of dew
17. . . . shoures soote
18. After life's fitful fever
19. And, doubly dying, shall go down
20. What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells

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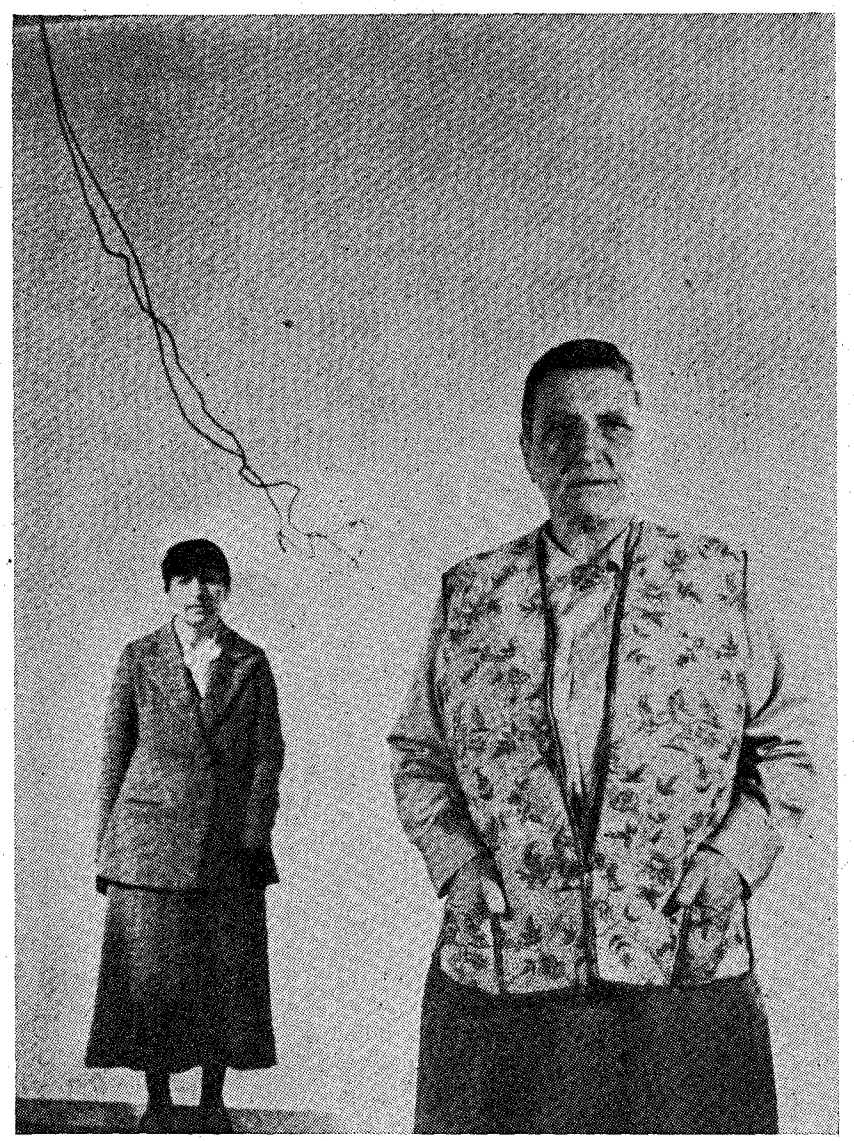
THE AUTHOR: Cecil Beaton left London the other day for New York, a city he has visited off and on since the Twenties, when he first turned up to exhibit his pen sketches and portraits, size up the United States, and toss off a few pronunciamentos. In 1929, for example, the year of his first showing in a Fifth Avenue gallery that had been loaned him for the occasion, Beaton, then twenty-five, wearing a leopard-skin robe and pale, pale blue pajamas, received a man from the old *Evening Sun* in his hotel and said: "I have not yet seen a beautiful woman in America." London, he added, was full of them. The criteria for a beautiful woman —he was fond of the phrase "a ripping, ravishing Venus"—were: "A very long, thin, almost scrawny neck, no chin at all, an abbreviated nose, three cherries for a mouth and big pansy eyes and a general bird-like appearance and heaps and heaps of paint, especially around the eyes." Thinking it over, he admitted that perhaps there were a few attractive women in the USA; a couple of years later he actually named six. Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich were among those he immortalized. By 1937 Beaton had changed his mind about beauty; among other qualities a Beaton Venus now required was "the look of the original clown." "The Marx brothers have it," he announced earnestly. Anyway, Beaton has done lots of other things: sketches, photography, official photographer to the British Royal family, books, costumes, stage and ballet sets, acting, playwriting. Some critics have found his work triumphant and clever, others fragile and snobbish. His sets for the stage and ballet have won exceptional praise; in 1952 he won a Donaldson award here for the scenic designs he contributed to Truman Capote's "The Grass Harp." His designs for the Sadler's Wells Ballet have often been singled out as possessing a magic of their own. So have his photographs. In that connection, the catalogue of his first show described him as "the stern nemesis who transmutes his various sitters into so many flowers, simple or orchidaceous."

—BERNARD KALB.

Wounded Burmese.

Salvador Dali, 1936.



Alice B. Toklas and Gertrude Stein.

—From "Photobiography," by Cecil Beaton (Doubleday).

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A Trial with no Verdict

Eudora Welty's "The Ponder Heart" *(Harcourt, Brace. 156 pp. $3) is a short novel about what came out during the trial of Daniel Ponder for the murder of his young wife, a case that rocked the town of Clay, Miss.*

By William Peden

DID good-natured Uncle Daniel Ponder knowingly murder his young wife, Bonnie Dee Peacock, or had he just been playing "creep-mousie" with her, as his niece Edna Earle Ponder testified in court? (Anyone who was *anybody* in Clay, Mississippi, knew for a fact that Uncle Daniel had always been a great tickler and squeezer.) Or had Bonnie Dee dropped dead of a heart attack in the parlor of the old Ponder place, where she had been living alone after sending Uncle Daniel off to stay at the Beulah Hotel with Miss Edna?

Around such questions and these characters Eudora Welty's new novel, "The Ponder Heart," is centered. Miss Welty, as almost everyone knows, is a very cunning writer who is an old hand at the skilful exploitation of paradox, ambiguity, and subtlety. "The Ponder Heart" is a masterly *tour de force*; it is as successfully contrived as is the mouth-melting peach pie with which Miss Edna regales Old Judge Waite during a recess of Uncle Daniel's trial.

Some of the incidents of "The Ponder Heart" are as clear as is Miss Edna's account, to the judge, of the last minutes in Bonnie Dee's life. There was handsome, white-haired Uncle Daniel, "rich as Croesus," splendid in his white suit and pretty red bow tie. Then there was Bonnie Dee, no-account little white trash whom Uncle Daniel (who was as crazy as a hoot-owl) had picked up in the five-and-dime store, and married. There they were, in the parlor of the old Ponder Place, that fateful afternoon when the ball of fire rolled across the floor.

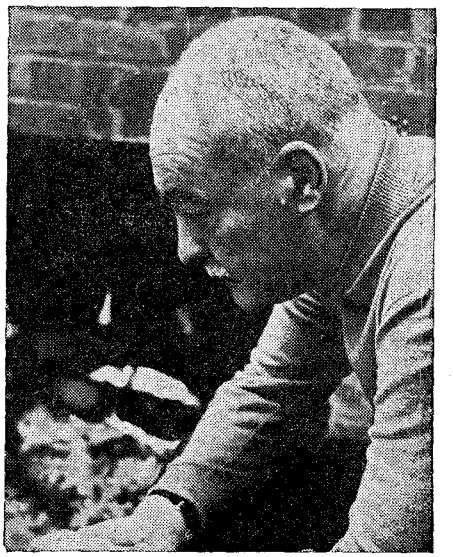
—*Kay Bell.*

Eudora Welty—"unmistakably her own."

From here matters are less clear. They become, in fact, increasingly opaque, as meaningful and as misleading as is most of the testimony at the trial. Miss Welty revels in working in terms of conscious ambiguity; she leaves the last word unsaid, the ultimate action unconsummated. Writing with swift, sure, and often devastating understanding of her characters, and indulging a humor which is at times like the despairing cry of a child being swallowed up by quicksand, she has created out of artifice and artistry a world unmistakably her own and authentically real.

It might be said that the town of Clay is in effect the main character of this unforgettable short novel. Clay, dozing in the white summer sun while Uncle Daniel peeps benevolently (or could it be malevolently?) from behind the blinds of the Beulah Hotel, or buys a mess of banana ice cream cones for the burlesque queens at the fair; Clay, where the coroner is blind and the presiding judge recesses court when Miss Edna is like to be embarrassed; Clay, where someone like Bonnie Dee might cross the Ponder barrier in life but could never, least of all in death, conquer the Ponder heart.

"The Ponder Heart" is, in my opinion, the best thing Miss Welty has done since "Delta Wedding," published seven or eight years ago. Whether its recent appearance as a single-issue instalment in *The New Yorker* and the present book-form publication will win Miss Welty many new readers remains to be demonstrated. Meanwhile her admirers (who in recent years have had some cause for alarm) can relax. "The Ponder Heart" represents Eudora Welty at her best, which is another way of saying that here is a distinguished, individualistic, memorable work of fiction.



—*Henry Ries.*

Charles Wertenbaker—"far-ranging."

Slick Succession

"The Death of Kings," by Charles Wertenbaker *(Random House. 478 pp. $3.95), views the clash of ideas and men during the last fifteen years through the convolutions of a group of executives on big newsmagazine.*

By Charles Lee

WHAT is it like to be an executive on a big newsmagazine? What is the relationship of that magazine to politics and principle? What are the techniques of "treatment," the strategies of opinion-making, and how do they relate to the manipulations of "power" and the conscience of men of good-will?

These are a few of the questions that are dealt with in Charles Wertenbaker's far-ranging novel of public affairs, "The Death of Kings"; it travels not only from Munich to McCarthy but from the words of Jesus to the aspirations of tomorrow. Two revolutions are at its center, one of the Right (or Left) and the other of right, one of the "hard-eyed boys" and the other of the soft-hearted men, one of opportunism for the few and the other of opportunities for the many, one of Terror and the other of Truth. Mr. Wertenbaker personifies this combat of revolutions in the characters of Robert Berkeley and Louis Baron and his story of their conflict (fought out dramatically but sometimes tediously in the lives of their associates) becomes the story of our own times, its disputes, passions, horrors, ideals, failures, pressures, corruptions, and challenges.

At the beginning of the story Robert Berkeley is engaged in a final conver-

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sation with his old friend and co-worker Louis Baron, publisher of *Beacon,* and it is within the framework of that conversation that the drama takes place. The drama, inwardly the raging battle of ideas that even now engulfs the world, outwardly is fought in the lives of four of their key associates, in words and war, in Communist cells and office cubicles, across dinner tables and in ditches, before Congressional committees and on a generous variety of beds, before gods and God. As the complicated story unfolds the locked destinies of Berkeley and Baron uncouple; the yea-sayer who will not be a yes-man resigns; and the twin revolutions (between those who would serve Truth and those who would make a servant of her) storm on. There is no resolution here, but there is a loud bugle-call to those who would stand in the way of pin-striped Napoleons marching through the news, blue-pencil and blueprints in hand.

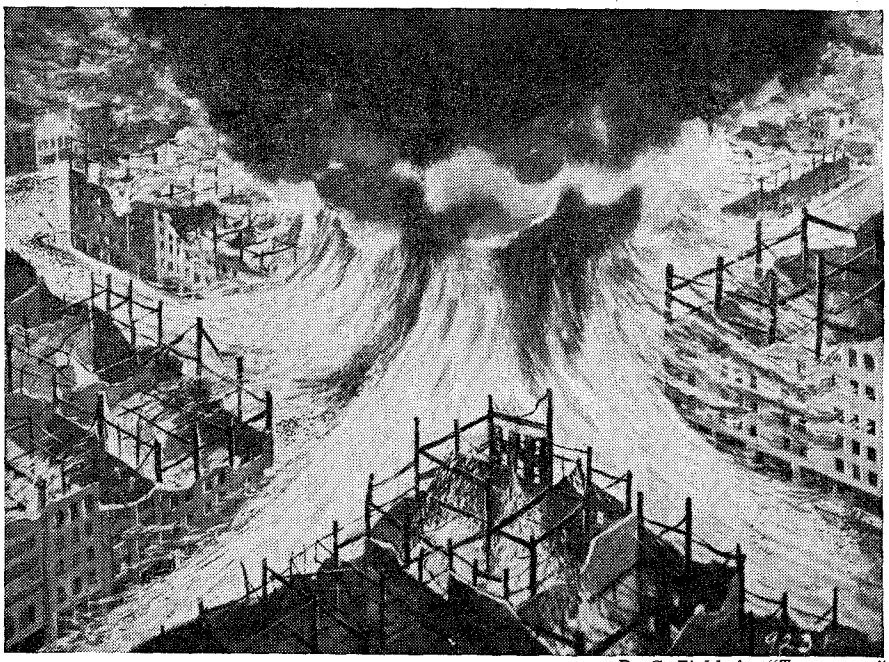
Mr. Wertenbaker writes with insight and emotion. He has knowledge of people and institutions, of journalistic tactics, of ideological tides, of political promise and perversion. He can deal equally skilfully with a mortar attack and an episode of seduction; he catches the atmosphere of office intrigue as subtly as he explores the minds of those in love and hate. It will be said, and with justice, that he is sometimes wordy, frequently over-analytical, too often in the boudoir, shifty in focus, unmindful of opportunities to make even more clarifyingly shocking the strategies of journalistic influence, but his book triumphs over its flaws. Indeed, the pygmy morality of its hero—who fails to see the bedroom as an extension of the corroding lie, is partly atoned for by his intellectual ethic.

"The Death of Kings" will find many readers reliving its gaudy drama of the tortured years of the last decade and a half and some of them rekindling to the ancient fire within it. Were all else a failure that would be triumph enough for the author.

The Word

By Mae Winkler Goodman

THE word is spoken,
the line written.
Though the seal be broken,
the tongue bitten
the sound was there
and the syllable
rides on the air
irrevocable. . .



—By G. Field, for "Tomorrow."

". . . confusions worse confounded by apathy."

Hiroshima, Connecticut

Philip Wylie's "Tomorrow" *(Rinehart. 372 pp. $3.50), a tale of two cities under the stress of atomic attack, is sprinkled with the observations on humankind we have come to expect from the author of "A Generation of Vipers."*

By Al Hine

IN HIS seriously directed works of fiction or semi-fiction Philip Wylie has often combined the righteous wrath of an evangelical puritan with the antics of a side-show barker, the glib sonority of an advanced amateur in analytical psychology with the glamour trimmings of a gossip columnist. In "Tomorrow," a tract in the form of a novel, he sticks closer to the narrative framework of an action and suspense story on the theme of atomic (and hydrogen) Armageddon. There are tart paragraphs of the familiar Wylie in which he impales, deftly and deservedly, such phenomena of our age as bad advertising, radio comics and their cretin audiences, and so on; but the story is the thing.

The story is of two American cities living side by side and of their reaction to the threat of atomic attack and finally of their reaction to actual atomic attack. Wylie has a sometimes surprising gift for uncovering the ordinary confusions of decent people especially when, as in the case of Civil Defense, their confusions are worse confounded by apathy and more confusion among the men they look to for leadership. It would be a different reader who would not be caught up, perhaps in spite of himself, in the politics and chicanery of River City and Green Prairie, in the swift movement and brutal detail of the last half of the book. For Wylie makes his atomic disaster terrifyingly real and true and close and possible without ever sounding the unconvincingly shrill and nervous note of the perennially jittery alarmist.

It is amazing that the book *is* so real, a tribute certainly to the intensity and feeling with which it is written, for it is, as noted, not a novel in any literary sense, but sheer tract with all the flaws of a tract. As in those old remembered tomes about coffee, tobacco, or booze, the characters are one-dimensional, and all that is evil happens to the flouters of the author's code, while the virtuous folk flourish (in atomic terms only comparatively) like the green bay tree. Young and old alike of the families who scorn Civil Defense are blasted (as young and old alike suffered the curse of caffeine, tobacco, or whiskey), and all the good folk who serve CD survive pretty well unmaimed to build a brave new world. But these are critical afterthoughts perhaps a trifle unfair to a book which kept me up far into the night. Its very faults of haste and evangelism lend it some of its strength, and its message of sane,

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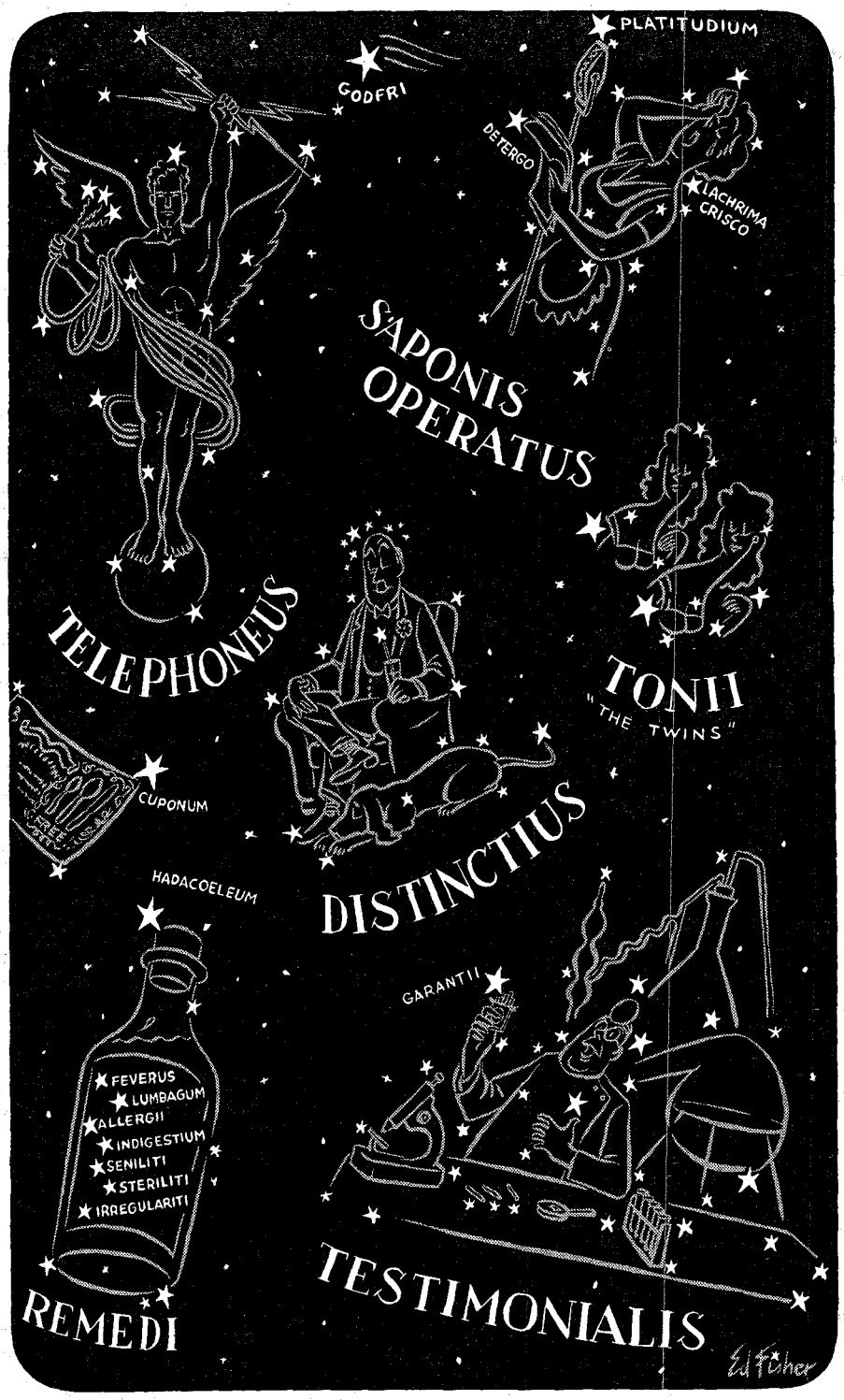
non-chauvinistic preparedness is one which cannot be ignored.

In the small Connecticut town where I live I serve in a CD unit and I am familiar with the jibes, the good-natured and sometimes not-so-good-natured ribbing which Civil Defense takes. I am personally grateful to Wylie not only for the excitement and impact of "Tomorrow" but for a paragraph which explains the purpose and the need for Civil Defense as well as I have seen them put.

"Do you think they'll try?" a character asks, referring to Russia and atomic attacks.

"That is not the question," says another. "The question is, *Could* they *if* they tried. And the answer is, They *could*."



A Revised Map of the Heavens

The skies over advertising row, as visualized by cartoonist Ed Fisher.

The Low Roaders

***"The Wrong Way Home," by Alex T. Renck** (J. B. Lippincott. 318 pp. $3.75), is the story of a German man and wife who rode to power and ultimate disaster with the Nazi movement.*

By Frederic Morton

"YOU were the prototype of that Nothing," the hero of Alex T. Renck's "The Wrong Way Home" is told by his wife, "the Nothing from which the Nazis have manufactured everything, including their criminals." Miss Renck's novel attempts to illuminate this evil alchemy through the career of Hans von Schratt. Her story begins with Hans as a threadbare remnant of the Kaiser's army, sipping the watery coffee Red Cross girls hand him, and follows him across a gaudy maze of opportunities and intrigues to a sumptuous table fifteen years later where he addresses his dinner partner as "my dear Goering."

Making the personal history of a Nazi sound persuasive is a pretty tall literary order. After the first few pages of "The Wrong Way Home" it becomes quite obvious that Miss Renck cannot handle the psychological aspects of the job. Her stentorian metaphors make heroic essays at subtleness. Von Schratt keeps searching his soul with steam shovels. What he dredges up is gesticulation instead of motivation. "The wind was blowing," she intones with Wagnerian grandeur at the beginning of a predictable agonizing love affair, "whence and whither?"

The social and historical background of the novel, however, seems more promising at first. Hans von Schratt is a highly peripatetic sinner. He moves in the aristocratic and Bohemian circles of Berlin after World War I. He visits titled relatives in various parts of Germany. Business trips take him to Bavaria. He falls in love with the daughter of a Jewish banker who is also the wife of an English nobleman and thus acquaints himself at one stroke with Semitic melancholy and Anglo-Saxon eccentricity. He marries the girl after her divorce, spies on her wife's lover in Paris, and acts throughout as Hitler's contact with international finance.

Von Schratt's journeys, then, afford intermittently interesting background glimpses: the Teutonic equivalent of the Scott Fitzgerald generation (the main difference seems to be that the *jeunesse dorée* of Berlin seemed to manage more *Weltschmerz* on less a

(*Continued on page* 39)

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POETRY

A Grim and Bitter Dose

"Hungerfield and Other Poems," by Robinson Jeffers *(Random House. 115 pp. $2.75), offers in its title poem another serving of its author's favorite device, Greek tragedy, set on the melodramatic coast of California. Louis Untermeyer, our reviewer, has edited "A Treasury of Great Poems" and many other anthologies.*

By Louis Untermeyer

THE first poem in Robinson Jeffers's new volume, "Hungerfield and Other Poems," begins and ends with a tribute to his dead wife, an apostrophe which is all the more moving for being uncannily calm. Between the first and last lines, however, there is a thirteen-page story, a tale of wild and tragic intensity. It is the story of Hawl Hungerfield, a war veteran who had faced Death in a hospital and had fought him off. Now he is at the bedside of his mother, who is dying of cancer, and once again he strikes at Death's throat. He saves his mother — at least he thinks she is saved.

But his mother is not grateful for the unwanted gift of a little more pain-riddled life; she longs toward Death, "her lord and lover," and resents being dragged back to misery. Death meanwhile stalks the family, kills Hungerfield's cattle, then his wife and child, makes Hungerfield murder his brother, and finally goads him into the violent act of burning down the house, while the clouds swallow "the flights of flame and the soul of a man."

Here, once more, is Jeffers's approximation of Greek tragedy transferred to the melodramatic coast of California. Here concentrated misanthropy is extended into a narrative of angry love and driving hatred. Here, too, are Jeffers's familiar similes and symbols: the beauty of hawks flying, knife-keen winds, plunging promontories, streams tearing at rocks, the black strength of the flooding tide. A Jeffers reader will be prepared for all this. But, although he will no longer be either shocked or surprised, he will not fail to be roused. Jeffers has not lost the gift of biting language and the ability to communicate the phantasmagoria of terror.

He refuses to offer false comfort to what he considers doomed and conformed mankind. This seems no more than just to him, for "there is no consolation in humanity." Defeated humanity is even cheated out of its catharsis. The mounting horrors and the successive deaths culminate in a hopelessness which Jeffers calls tranquility.

. . . It is thus (and will be) that violence
Turns on itself, and builds on the wreck of violence its violent beauty, the spiring fire-fountain
And final peace: grim in the desert in the lion's carcass the hive of honey.

—*Larry Colwell.*

"Robinson Jeffers has not lost the ability to communicate the phantasmagoria of terror."

The long poem which follows "Hungerfield" is a companion piece which continues the tone, enhances the horror and lifts the dual theme of hatred and love to an almost intolerable pitch. In "The Cretan Woman" Jeffers brings the Greek tragedy back to Greece. Founded on the "Hippolytus" of Euripides, the drama is as tense, as foreboding, and as grimly eloquent as the Jeffers Euripides "Medea." The lust of Phaedra for the son of her husband, Theseus, is heightened by the fact that the young Hippolytus loves hunting and his own kind rather than women; Jeffers gives the old drama a new twist of the knife by making Theseus, a blind instrument of Phaedra's scorned love, murder his son and making him at the same time a fool of nature. The sickening disasters are contrasted with the detachment of the goddess Aphrodite's casual summing-up:

I am a little sorry for the lady Phaedra, his old father's young wife,
Who must go down into shame and madness to make his ruin; and I am sorry for the old hero,
Theseus, his father. But to suffer is man's fate, and they have to bear it.
We gods and goddesses
Must not be very scrupulous; we are forces of nature, vast and inflexible, and neither mercy
Nor fear can move us. Men and women are the pawns we play with; we work our games out on a wide chess-board,
The great brown-and-green earth.

Jeffers's Olympian-minded spirits laugh at man's cherished virtue, love, and pretense to power. Something fatal — and usually evil — lies hidden. "There is always a knife in the flowers. There is always a lion just beyond the firelight." This is the leading theme of the shorter poems which conclude the book. The misanthropy is never without pity and seldom without a mute nobility. "One thing is left: the beauty of things, not men." "Annihilation comes leaping like a black dog and licks the dish clean: that is atonement." "I have hardened my heart only a little: I have learned that happiness is important, but pain *gives* importance." "Good and evil are as common as air . . . Hold your nose and compromise." "Watch with interest and only a little nausea the cheating shepherds, this time of the demagogues and the docile people, the shifts of power and pitiless general wars that prepare the fall . . ." This is bitter medicine grimly administered— the bitterer since we are earnestly assured that the world will be well only when our sick civilization dies.

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Logic of the North

"The Year One and Other Poems," by Kathleen Raine *(Farrar, Straus & Young. 64 pp. $2.50), and* ***"The Waking: Poems 1933-1953," by Theodore Roethke*** *(Doubleday. 120 pp. $3), are the works of poets who have one curious quality in common: that of northernness.*

By Gerard Previn Meyer

THE chance conjunction of discrete publishing events has brought together two poets, one American, male, one British, female—who by all logic (except the logic of poetry, which is something else again) should have little reason to make common cause. Yet, though it would be absurd to suggest any remarkable likenesses in Kathleen Raine's "The Year One" and Theodore Roethke's "The Waking," there are certain curious linkages between their poetry.

For one thing—and this may seem at first a little thing, but it turns out to be basic—both are Northerners. Miss Raine stems from Northumberland, on the Scottish border; Mr. Roethke from one of our nothernmost states, Michigan. They are in equal part conscious of these origins. Mr. Roethke has himself traced the quality of his poetry to the source: he has written about the part of the country from which he comes:

> Sometimes one gets the feeling that not even the animals have been there before; but the marsh, the mire, the Void, is always there, immediate and terrifying. It is a splendid place for schooling the spirit.

He makes the connection between poetry and place explicit:

> Some of these pieces . . . begin in the mire; as if man is no more than a shape writhing from the old rock.

Miss Raine has said nothing in prose (at least, that I have come across) about her own North Country; but Charles Bradley Ford in "The English Countryside" has some pertinent descriptive passages, from which I crib the following:

> The present Scottish Border stretches through some of the most desolate and uninhabited country south of the Highlands. The landscape is one of sweeping, down-like hills, covered with brownish grass and here and there tufted with pine, with nevertheless a certain bleak impressiveness that its loneliness seems to enhance.

That Miss Raine is conscious of her roots in this soil, with its "certain bleak impressiveness," is amply demonstrated by many of the poems in her new volume (the book begins, for example, with "Northumbrian Sequence"; and a fine beginning it is, too).

Now, I do not mean to assert that these two poets are landscape word-painters. But what is evident from a reading of their work is that both have firm footing in a certain climate, —a climate which, though it can be precisely located on a map (or two maps, rather!), may also be said to possess a spiritual counterpart. It is in the similarity of this spiritual climate in which both imaginations reside (or from which, more exactly, they take off) that Miss Raine and Mr. Roethke resemble each other.

This "kind of deep north-ness," as W. S. Merwin has put it, writing about Miss Raine's poetry, makes itself felt in both theme and style (just as, naturally enough, it occurs in the work of Edwin Muir, an even deeper-Northerner). I must confess that coming to her latest book from "The Pythoness"—which appeared in print only last year and won a Poetry Society award—I was not altogether prepared for this. In discussing "The Pythoness," then, I noted her admitted kinship with Blake, and called her "a dealer in eternity and the vision which lies always just beyond the world of appearances." I *did* add, "When she acknowledges the forms of this world—and her senses are finely attuned—she goes at once to the elements . . ."—but I was chiefly prepared to expect from her next work an even more perilous leap into the absolute.

NOW instead, except for a quaint new addiction to the creation of "Spells"—which simpler form of magic appears, however, to have evolved not out of vision but rather from the desire to recapture the simplicities of an earlier time—Miss Raine appears in the poems of "The Year One" to have turned the direction of her gaze away from the mystical universe, and toward, instead, the atavistic world—the world which, as Mr. Roethke notes, seems much closer in the northern lands. (As I shall shortly point out, this is also Mr. Roethke's new direction.)

One of the most explicit signs of this shift in attention (if not, indeed, in her ultimate way of looking at the mysteries) is her poem "Message from Home." While this poem, no doubt somewhat to the damage of its status as an original utterance, bears a more than superficial resemblance to Wordsworth's "Ode on Intimations of Immortality," basically it has nothing to do with the older poet's Neo-Platonism. On the contrary, it deals with recollections of a former existence *on earth:* and Miss Raine's message is a call to go back to the roots of life in the natural world—to the ancestral forms (if Darwin and his successors are to be credited).

This—though the *need* to be visionary is intimated in some of the poem

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 552

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 552 will be found in the next issue.

TO VAABCH DVAC FGIA T

OVER VJBKO JEKI ICIH

JKO VAC DVA FGB ILIM

VDBKAOIN OB V NVDA

TA GTHOBMC GVN OGID.

—VMOGKM JMTHJVAI.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 551

About all I can say for the United States Senate up on the hill is that it opens with prayer and closes with an investigation.
—Will Rogers.

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—is the essential theme of "The Year One" (the title itself furnishes the clue). Though she deplores "the desert self," calls this life "this transient perilous selving," and complains at one moment, "I alone / Inhabit a finite world of years and days," Miss Raine's love in "this year" at least is for earth —elemental earth—more than it is for the world of essence. In "Northumbrian Sequence," for example, she dwells with great poignancy on the transience of earthly things:

As sleeper wakes from sleep, I wake
from waking.
World's image fails and founders,
mountain forms,
Garden and trees, heel over into
darkness,
Go down the night like ice in northern
ocean,
Nothing withholds house from
crumbling, hills from falling.

And—one must suppose this is the woman of it—Miss Raine's love is also for love itself. Her poem "Amo ergo sum" directly and movingly asserts this: as do "Love Spell," "The Unloved," and other poems less revealingly titled.

The style of the poetry in "The Year One" is, of course, not too estranged from the manner of her earlier work. Once—or many times—again, the intensity of Miss Raine's emotion helps to keep her diction spare and exact—pure and austere. But one remarks more than before "a certain bleak impressiveness that its loneliness seems to enhance"—the north-country feeling—the runic quality of the short lines—and the recurrent employment of elemental things, as source-material for the imagery, which invests them with a cumulative effect.

The magic Mr. Roethke calls upon appears to be very close to Miss Raine's—at any rate, in intention: "I believe that to go forward as a spiritual man it is necessary first to go back." This poet, leaning more heavily on intuition, comes closer to an immediacy of atavism; indeed, by making greater demands on the subconscious he succeeds in coming up with startling evidence of strange relationships between man and nature.

"Many astounds before, I lost my identity to a pebble" (from "Praise to the End!") has its counterpart in "I remember now. / We met in a nest. Before I lived." (from "I Cry, Love! Love!"). Again, "I've traced these words in sand with a vestigial tail" is only another indication that Mr. Roethke has accepted the evolutionary story as a chart for his poetic voyages. And derived much joy from this new-discovered closeness to the rest of earth's creatures—here the American parts company with the British poet, for, though joy is not absent from Miss Raine's poetry, there is a concern with death, a gravity about her atavism in "The Year One" which is absent from "The Waking."

Indeed, one of the striking things about Mr. Roethke's poetic stance is this very joyousness. It is as if the Wasteland never was; and, certainly, it is old T. S. himself who is being beaten about the head in this exuberant passage from "O, Thou Opening, O":

I'm tired of all that, Bag-Foot.
I can hear small angels anytime.
Who cares about the dance of
dead underwear, or the sad waltz
of paper bags? Who ever said
God sang in your fat shape?
You're not the only keeper of
hay . . .

In a Whitmanic manifesto he shouts, "I proclaim once more a condition of joy." At another moment he is "So alive I could die!" And talking about dying he is not daunted—"Death was not" ("The Shape of the Fire"), "my ghosts are all gay" ("Praise to the End!"), "What the grave says, / The rest denies" ("Unfold! Unfold!").

Stylistically—and this perhaps is because Mr. Roethke stems from a younger civilization after all—the Roethke muse is more inchoate than Miss Raine's as well as more exclamatory. There is considerable experimentalism, the odd originality of the child ("Rhythmically, it's the spring and rush of the child I'm after")—which, however, is at least partially backed by a symbolism more than childlike. It should be added that the chronological arrangement of the poems in "The Waking" makes it possible to suspect he is working out of this sort of thing into a more conscious and formal art—a gain or loss, depending upon your point of view.

—Peter Ressiter.

May Sarton—"clearly international."

Poetry Notes

CONSCIOUS ART: The poems of May Sarton's **"The Land of Silence"** (Rinehart, $2.50) stem from a variety of climates — which is understandable, since the author's background (a combination of Belgian, English, and American) is clearly international. She is mistress of the neatly turned concluding line, which may be described as both her strength and her weakness. Her skill and percipience sometimes just save her from banality; and one observes that her fluency can become a fault when adjectives overflow. Is it perhaps her intellectualism (or ours!) that makes one over-conscious at times of her conscious art?

But it *is* art, and one cannot fail to remark such tell-tale indications of the real poet as her sure swiftness, her use of the quick, colloquial thrust, of the telling, sudden word that defines the moment and the scene. The pluses and the minuses are defined together in such a poem as "As Does New Hampshire":

Only most daring love would care
to mention
So much, so simply, and so charge
each word . . .

If I may hazard a rather slight comment on a book that may well warrant more detailed examination—the weakness of this poetry lies in the "mention"; the strength in the rest.

—Gerard Previn Meyer.

COLOR AND IMAGERY: Jean Garrigue, whose latest volume is **"The Monument Rose"** (Noonday Press, $3), is a young poet whose work has been received with considerable acclaim by the more avante-garde literary circles. Her poetry is at once lush and cryptic, extravagant, and concise. It is elaborate with color and imagery, rich with alliteration and a frequent Elizabethan elegance:

. . . where goes my mistress, say
for me
When greet the flowers her sump-
tuous head more sumptuously . . .

and it is also condensed and sometimes puzzling in its inversions and the liberties it takes with syntax. There are occasional overtones of Hopkins and of Dylan Thomas in her work, but she is undeniably original and individual as an artist, and a craftsman in complete command of her medium. I must frankly admit that personally I find much of her work difficult; its obscurities and the tremendous leaps it takes over the com-

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mon ground of communication often baffle me. For example, the poem "Die Wache Quelle," which I quote in part:

My heart's day done.
No water's rushness come
This rock where not the green
moss turfs
Ledge, and grows the spring-side
up fern
To that tree whose root's spanned
Upgrown and dark-spurned
Above the root of the spring.
My heart's day done.

Or birds up at stroke of night
Out of the nest-blown wildering
black,
Singing and crying my heart stop!
Your wakings and sleepings the
same not!
My heart's day stopped.

But children up from the green
fells come.
That's the mastery your freshness
In the wake-wide dawn.
Is it youth my hamper, nets his
sport
In the firstness of June? . . .

That there is magic and melody and a lovely cadence to this I freely recognize, but I cannot follow its grammatical construction or, even, by simply exposing myself to it without attempt at analysis, interpret its meaning. Perhaps this is my fault, perhaps it is not. Whether or not a poem should be subjected to any sort of logical or literal analysis is a question which has been fought over for centuries, and is still embattled.

In any event, Miss Garrigue displays in this book, as in her earlier volume, "The Ego and the Centaur," the wide range of her emotional sensibility and her fine gifts of brilliant and vivid phrase and imagery. The poetic intensity, the wealth of light and color, and the real distinction of Miss Garrigue's work cannot fail to impress the perceptive and careful reader. —Sara Henderson Hay.

MORE MOORE: The legends about Merrill Moore and the published volumes of that poet-psychiatrist accumulate with equal rapidity. (His latest volume is **"Illegitimate Sonnets"** [Twayne Publishers, $2.75].) It has been estimated that the steel cabinets in his concrete bunker—properly called a sonnetorium—contain considerably more than 100,000 sonnets, more sonnets than have been written by the combined poets of England and America. It is said that Dr. Moore carries a sound-scriber in his car and that he can talk a new sonnet into it while the traffic light changes from red to green. One of his friends claims that he has "charted" Dr. Moore's private conversations and that his colloquies fall into units of exactly fourteen lines. Another friend maintains that Moore's addiction to sonnets is not so much a creation as a compulsion, that it is an unconscious therapy, a quick method of releasing himself from the accumulated repressions and tensions of the psychiatrist's profession.

Reading his books, it is hard to tell where the practitioner leaves off and the poet begins. Dr. Moore is fortunate in his double career; he will never lack for subject-matter. Every new patient is another case history; every consultation prompts a new sonnet. Since Dr. Moore's office is always crowded, it can be assumed that secretaries will be transcribing his sonnets until Dr. Moore has lost his (no pun intended) patients.

The character of a Moore sonnet is unanalyzable except, perhaps, by another analyst. It is as changeable, graphic, freely associational, and as manic-depressive as the men, women, or mechanisms which have detonated it. Their quality is as anti-traditional as their form: Moore often writes a fifteen-line sonnet by making his title serve as an extra line. One might say that his sonnets, clinical or "illegitimate," are improvisations, the results of happy accidents rather than a scrupulous art. One would not be far from right. But the gift of improvising is not enough to account for the acute observations and the swift insights, the matter-of-fact wisdoms and the witty by-plays, and most of all, the unique combination of satire and sympathy which emanates from a slightly incredible personality.

—Louis Untermeyer.

MIDWESTERN LYRICS: In the belief that good poetry has not been sufficiently encouraged on a systematic long-term basis, Indiana University has established a new poetry series, of which David Wagoner's **"Dry Sun, Dry Wind"** (Indiana University Press, $2.75) is one of the initial publications. The principal purpose of the series, edited by Samuel Yellen, himself an able poet, is "to encourage new poets with promise and established poets throughout the country to publish good poetry." This is indeed a laudable enterprise, and "Dry Sun, Dry Wind" introduces a young poet of promise and considerable achievement. The title of the book suggests the background of many of the lyrics —the midwestern landscape, with the sun burning

through flower and fern
With its dry flare . . .

Dry sun, dry wind,
And both aloft . . .

but there is also much of the inland-sea atmosphere of the Lake Michigan environs

The ledge of light, flat over the
pier,
Tilts into darkness as the sun
fails;
And all those glinting shreds on
the water pour
Downward under waves gone
slack like sails.
Now, in the shade, swells trundle
the flotsam in
And strand it, hulking, where the
stones waver. . . .

There is a somber quality about the poems, a sort of passivity, an acceptance and recognition of the encroachment of death, in winter and in drought. They are exceptionally restrained; one misses, as a matter of fact, a certain quality of intensity or violence of feeling. Mr. Wagoner's observation of the physical landscape is keen, his descriptive phrases accurate and vivid. His technique is modern, though not experimental, and he is skilful to evoke a mood and build it up by the careful arrangement of graphic detail.

The poems include eight longer narrative selections, in the form of soliloquies, spoken after death by an assorted lot of people who, rather in the manner of the Spoon Riverites, recount their personal histories. These are occasionally dramatic, more often gravely compassionate and gently ironic, telling simply and poignantly the aspirations, the struggles, the little triumphs, and more often the defeats of the narrators, as did Masters in his more compact epitaphs. It is always an interesting device, and Mr. Wagoner handles it well.

This first volume of his work bears witness to his genuine poetic talents, and to his ability to express his emotions and ideas with clarity and lucidity. He is a young poet well worth watching. —S. H. H.

BARGAIN ANTHOLOGY: The new and substantial anthology of verse **"New Poems"** (Ballantine Books, paper-bound 35¢, cloth bound $2) is an unusually good buy. It represents the frequently wise and infrequently biased preferences of Rolfe Humphries, who does a service in bringing to light new and establishe

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poets, some known only to the craft. Colum, Moore, Stevens, and Hillyer are superb in their genres, and not below them in workmanship are Carrier, Nicholl, Jacobsen, and Sarton. Poets not new to the game but exciting are Bogan ("Song for the Last Act"), Deutsch ("Reflections in a Little Park"), Roethke ("The Dance") and Wheelock ("Random Reflections . . ."). Newcomers who attract by at least one selection are Aldridge ("The Pine Bough"), Alling ("First World War"), Babcock ("The Anthill"), Booth ("Cold Water Flat"), Cunningham ("Epigrams"), Francis ("Swimmer"), Gibson ("In Memory . . ."), Kinnell ("Spring Oak"), Murray ("Annals of Tacitus"), Simpson ("Song"), W. J. Smith ("Processional") and Wilbur ("Apology"). Auden is capable of extremes, as witness: "O how short/And lower-ordersy the Gang will look" and "A culture is no better than its woods."

Mr. Humphries modestly enough excludes his own superb lyrics, but that Frost, Gregory, Ransom, Schwartz, Tate, Van Doren, and Viereck should elude him is surprising.

—I. L. Salomon.

POEMS IN A TRADITION: W. H. Auden, editor of the Yale Series of Younger Poets, selected Edgar Bogardus, instructor of English of the Carnegie Institute of Technology, as the recipient of the fiftieth award for his **"Various Jangling Keys"** (Yale University Press, $2.50). Previous editors of the Yale Series of Younger Poets have been Stephen Vincent Benét and Archibald MacLeish. Mr. Auden in a rather guarded introduction discusses the influence of teachers, because Mr. Bogardus dedicates his book to John Crowe Ransom of Kenyon College. After justifying his choice of Mr. Bogardus's poems, Mr. Auden as a matter of conscience offers this advice: "No Donne or Yeats for a season, but a good strong dose of 'The Ingoldsby Legends' and Saintsbury's 'History of English Prosody'."

After reading the poems of Bogardus I can understand and agree with the suggestion offered by Mr. Auden, whose respect for tradition grows despite the persistent daring of his own muse. But Bogardus is surer of his craft than of his themes, and there is unresolved debate in his poems of faith and doubt. The title of the book comes from a line of his poem, "At the Grave of Robert Ingersoll." It is a well-turned and understanding tribute and appraisal of a man of noble and Christian behavior who denied the deity.

The poet is at his best in the shorter poems, especially those which are the result of direct observation and not too much intellectual analysis. "From Autumn's Thrilling Tomb" is one of the more satisfying poems because of its objective lyric statement. He speaks of the "autumn's thrilling tomb" and the

> winds that strum
> My summer spirit, and I wonder why
> The fearless leaves turn loveliest to die.

Bogardus is a classical scholar who uses the Greek references with a fresh and modern ease. "Pandora" is an original analogy with a disciplined satire and a dramatic climax. Not so successful is the long poem "Prothalamion for K," with staccato conversational clichés serving as counterpoint to the drab realism of the carnal enterprise.

Mr. Bogardus has an alert eye, a sensitive ear, and an uncertain touch of the shape of things that make great poetry. There's reason to hope that his next book will fetch him a tighter grip on themes worthier of his gift, which is enterprising but immature.

—A. M. Sullivan.

PERSONAL POETRY: One encounters so much dehumanized and impersonal poetry these days that it is pleasant and stimulating to meet poems which are intensely personal, even opinionated. Josephine Jacobsen's **"The Human Climate"** (Contemporary Poetry, Baltimore, $2.50) is the work of a poet who is decidedly herself, who speaks her convictions briskly and boldly. The phrase "of course" and the implication "of course" appear frequently in these poems. She feels passionately about the cruelties and the injustices and the hypocrisies of the world, and she is no hesitant partisan of the victims. The emotional impact of her poetry is considerable, and its effectiveness is compounded of her own deep feeling and her skill with her medium. She is never incoherent or diffuse; her idiom is direct, incisive, economical.

Miss Jacobsen's approach, while intensely personal, as I have suggested, is controlled and disciplined. Irony, understatement, the trenchant and telling phrase are the tools she uses to drive home the points she wishes to make. The poem entitled "For Any Member of the Security Police," for example, cloaks its passionate denunciation behind an icy and bitterly satiric inquiry:

> Let us ask you a few questions, without rancor,
> In simple curiosity, putting aside
> Our reactions or the rising of our gorge,
> As a child asks How does it work? .....

The innocence of the child as contrasted with the guilty adult, the helpless, the beaten down, "the odd, the inward-turned, the isolated," those seeking escape from whatever tyranny, engage her attention and her compassion. There is, to be sure, more than a hint of indebtedness to T. S. Eliot in some of these poems, particularly in "They Never Were Found" with

> Mr. Fleet who converses with his dead daughter
> Over boiled milk on the kitchen range at midnight. . .

and in "April Asylum"

> The mad old women, bolted from April's weather
> Sit, in their morning rows, cautious, intent. . .

but in the main Miss Jacobsen's work bears no imprint except her own.

Compassion is the keynote, and there are wit and generosity in such counsel as "Give to the Rich," which I quote in part:

> O feeble heart, to forfeit half the whole,
> So quick to sink beside your fallen fellow,
> So shrewd to wince when the clear note rings hollow,
> So apt to answer to the shipwrecked hail—
> Can you not compass the ecstasy of craft,
> Ascend to answer the command of laughter?
>
> In your narrowest night, in your dreariest dark, salute
> With a rush of pleasure, the free, the golden, the lucky,
> At the crest of the scornful moment when fate is a lacquey;
> It is morning with them, however you find it late.
> These require your answering joy, they can do with no less;
> Ruthless, their delight shall compel your hot acquiescence.

Incidentally, "The Human Climate," Volume 5 of the Contemporary Poetry Library Series, edited by Mary Owings Miller, is a very handsomely done book.

—S. H. H.

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The Saturday Review

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Where Violence Begins

THIS is about Kamilal Deridas of India, who killed his friend. The killing occurred about seven years ago. All his life Deridas had followed the non-violence teachings of Mahatma Gandhi. He kept his thoughts free of fear and hate. And then one day, suddenly, he reached for a knife and slew his friend. Up until now that killing has had no direct connection with the American people; but it now becomes important for us to think about it as hard and carefully as we have thought about anything in our lives.

I met Deridas at a refugee camp on the outskirts of Delhi in February 1951. When I returned to India recently I tried to find him and learned that he had made himself a new home somewhere to the north of Delhi; no one knew exactly where. But, though I was unable to locate him, I shall never forget the things he told me about his experiences during India's ordeal in the summer of 1947, when the country was partitioned into three units—India proper, Pakistan West, and Pakistan East. The two sections of the new Pakistan were united politically, but they were separated by the geographical expanse of India at its widest. If you can imagine that Mexico, instead of being situated south of the United States, were to be split in half, with one part in Southern California and the other in New England, then you may have a fair idea of the geographic relationship of Pakistan to India, as well as the difficulties surmounted so heroically by the Pakistani leaders in operating a unified and free government.

The background of partition is long and involved. It was the culmination of more than a century of dual struggle—the struggle for national independence against England, and the struggle for power inside India between Hindu and Moslem. Centuries ago the Moslems ruled the Northern part of India. When the British quit India in 1947 there were perhaps 100,000,000 Moslems in all of India, as against more than 325,000,000 Hindus. With partition some sixty-five million Moslems formed the population of the new Pakistan, the balance remaining in India. Today the population of Pakistan is more than seventy-five million, with close to forty million Moslems still in India proper.

Partition and national independence were part of the same historical event. Neither was then possible without the other. But the sudden rupture of a great nation caused it to bleed hideously. The struggle for national independence had been waged for centuries but it came virtually overnight and no one was prepared for it. The new Free India had only a bare governmental skeleton with which to administer the affairs of the second most populous nation in the world. Pakistan started absolutely from scratch, having to use empty crates for government desks.

And in those early days of uncertainty and confusion people became panicky. Whatever the animosity had been between Hindu and Moslem before Independence, the people had managed to live side by side. There had been recurrent violent flare-ups, to be sure, but they were not too serious. With partition, however, millions of people suddenly became jittery and insecure. A Hindu who lived in a city near the border like Lahore wondered what was to happen to him now that Lahore was to become part of Pakistan. A Moslem who lived on the outskirts of Calcutta wondered what was to happen now that there would be a separate Moslem Government in Pakistan that did not include him. The insecurity and confusion became multiplied as millions of people decided to move in order to be governed by their own group.

THEN came violence. At first there were only sporadic incidents. A Moslem in Dacca, for example, would smash the shopwindows of a clothing store owned by a Hindu, claiming he had heard that Hindus were looting Moslem shops in Calcutta or Delhi. A Hindu in Calcutta would set fire to a Moslem home, in open view of a crowd, yelling that he had heard that Moslems were burning homes of Hindus who remained behind in Dacca or Karachi. Some Hindus or Moslems would try to take advantage of the national turmoil by seizing business properties or homes.

Each incident, of course, fed on rumors and begat even greater rumors. Outrages were carried out in the name of retaliation. Soon a civil war without battle-lines or armies raged throughout the subcontinent. People rushed through the streets with sticks or torches or whatever could be used to kill a man.

Kamilal Deridas was one of those who used a knife. When he spoke to me about it, four years later, he found it difficult to believe that it was his own arm that swung the knife over the shoulder and into the chest of a man who had been his friend.

Like millions of others who lived through the dark days of 1947, Deridas doesn't like to talk about what happened or his own part in it. It was only after we had spent many hours together, discussing the event in a general way, that he began to speak in terms of his individual experiences. I had told him that I found it difficult to understand how people who achieved so much through their belief in non-violence could suddenly abandon that belief at the very moment of its fulfilment. It was inexplicable that a non-violent victory should produce such volcanic violence within the nation itself. And what about the people, I asked. How could they allow themselves to become something they had never been? The Hindus and Moslems I knew were gentle people, peaceable people. I couldn't imagine them as killers. And Deridas's reply to my question was simple and vivid.

"I can answer you because I know how it was. I was part of it. From the

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very beginning I was part of it. I was twenty-six at the time. My wife, my two little boys, and I lived with my parents in a nice house on the edge of Lahore. My father operated an arts-and-crafts shop. Lahore was something of a world convention city. The weather is clear and good almost the entire year and there were generally meetings that brought many people to the city.

"I had gone to college, studying law, but had deferred setting up an office of my own because my father was ailing and it was necessary for me to look after the business, which had prospered over the years. I had many friends in Lahore—among both Hindus and Moslems. Those of us who had gone to college thought all the old antagonisms were foolish, and we were bored by the traditional hostilities of the older people. Two of my closest friends were Moslems and they were as indifferent to the old religious and cultural rivalries as I was. The name of one was Faiz; the other Ahmed.

"After plans for the partition were made in 1947 Faiz came to me and said that he was worried about talk he had heard in town. He had heard that certain Hindu homes would be requisitioned after Pakistan came into being in order to make room for the many Moslems who could be coming to the city. And our home was on one of the lists.

"My father dismissed this talk as nonsense. He said that the new Pakistan would not tolerate such outrages because there were more Moslems in India than Hindus in what was to be the new Pakistan. He said the new Government would know only too well how much worse it would fare than India in any contest of seizure of private property. He told me to forget about it.

"But as the time for partition neared, and as reports reached Lahore of local riots in sections where there were mixed populations, I became very alarmed. One night Faiz came to my home through the back door and begged me to get my belongings together as quickly as I could, take my family, and flee Lahore.

"He said that there had been a secret meeting a few hours earlier in town and that reports were read which told of Hindu looting of Moslem shops in Delhi and Bombay and also that in several places Moslem women had been violated by Hindus and put on public exhibition. He said there were also reports that many, many thousands of Moslem homes had been seized by Hindu crowds throughout India. The men at the meeting were hysterical with rage and called for immediate retaliatory action.

"There were some at the meeting who cautioned against anything that might start a riot. They pointed out that they had lived side by side with their Hindu neighbors for many years and that these people were not responsible for the outrages that happened to Moslems many hundreds of miles away. But most of the others turned on these cautious few and shouted them down, saying they were traitors, and then the cautious few spoke no more. My friend said he knew terrible things were going to happen, and that the police would be powerless to do anything.

"I made up my mind that we would have to leave within a week at most and began to plan a way out and also to plan some way of getting the most valuable items in our store to a place of safety. I sought the help of Ahmed, who agreed to keep the most valuable items in the cellar of his home. That night and the next night, between one A.M. and four A.M., we transported the valuables in Ahmed's car from our store to his home. It was a courageous thing for him to do. It would have meant his death if he had been discovered.

"THEN Ahmed and Faiz and I met in order to make plans for us to get out of Lahore until some measure of stability returned to the city. My father was difficult to persuade about this but something terrible that happened to us two days after Faiz came to warn me changed his mind. Our store was located in the resort section, which is the far side of the city. Early in the morning, shortly after I had opened the shop, I heard the sounds of a great commotion coming from afar. I locked the store, then rushed towards the center of the town. As I approached I saw that the looting and the burning had already begun. There was smashed glass all over the streets. Not far away I could see smoke rising from the heart of the city.

"I ran back to the store. My father and my brother-in-law were waiting when I got there. They were very agitated. My twenty-one-year-old sister had been missing since eight A.M. It was now ten A.M. We barricaded the store to the best of our ability, then rushed home. We never saw my sister again. That night my brother-in-law learned that she had been abducted, along with sixty or seventy young Hindu wives. We could only pray for her life and her integrity of physical self, but I feared the worst.

"That night, in accordance with our plan, we left the house one by one, dressed in Moslem style, and were picked up by Faiz and Ahmed in their cars and brought to Ahmed's house, where we were to stay secretly until we completed arrangements for getting out of Lahore. It was lucky we had left our house when we did. Part of it was wrecked the very next day and the part that remained was occupied.

"Our plan for leaving Lahore was a simple one. We would travel in three pony carts. My wife, my two

—SR *Photo by N. C.*

". . . the sudden rupture of a great nation caused it to bleed hideously."

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sons, and I would be in one cart. My father and mother would be in another. My brother-in-law and his little boy in the third. After a day's travel from Lahore we would slip over the border at night and then get a train to Delhi, 250 or 300 miles distance. At Delhi we would try to find a place to live.

"But much was to happen to us before we left Lahore. In no time at all the riots had swept all through the city. We heard incredible stories of what was happening not only in Lahore but throughout India and Pakistan. Thousands of women and young girls on both sides were being abducted and violated. Mobs were rushing through streets, seizing people and tearing them apart. It was unbelievable—but it was happening.

"THEN one night—it was after midnight—Ahmed came to the small room in his house where we were all hiding. I could see that there was something wrong. He was almost hysterical. He had just been told that his parents had been burned to death the night before in their beds. They lived in Batala, just over the border. My father tried to calm him by saying it could not be so, that Hindus would not do such a thing; and Ahmed said that there was no doubt about it. He said he knew that there were outrages on both sides; he had wanted to stay free of them, and had risked his life and the lives of his immediate family to help Hindus, and that this was now his reward—a mother and father burned in their beds by Hindus.

"My father again insisted that it was not so, and that someone had lied to Ahmed, and before I knew what was happening my father and Ahmed were quarreling and shouting at each other. I begged them to be quiet, for they were certain to rouse the entire neighborhood. But those were no days of calm tempers; we had all been without sleep and were on edge and had been infected by the ugly passions that were sweeping over the two countries. My father and Ahmed continued to shout at each other, accusing each other; then my father in a moment of rage said that he was certain that all Ahmed was after was our valuables which we had stored with him. And Ahmed, insane with grief over the killing of his parents, went into a blind fury, reached for a knife, and started after my father.

"Right then something happened to me. I don't remember it clearly; in fact, I don't remember it at all, but my wife told me about it later. The sight of the knife after everything that had happened in the past few days—the burnings and the lootings and the killings and the attacks on women and having to be huddled together secretly wondering what would happen to us—all this made me lose my senses when I saw Ahmed going at my father with a knife. I took a knife that Ahmed had given me earlier for my own safety. I killed him. I reached over his shoulder with my knife and I killed him.

"Right after that we left the house, taking Ahmed's car, even though it had been decided earlier that we would not use an automobile because cars on the road going to the border attracted too much suspicion. We knew the pony carts were small enough for the back roads. But now we had no choice. How we finally made the border is almost too incredible to tell. But we made it. Anyway, that is not what you wanted to know about. You wanted to know how peaceable men could forget all their convictions, forget everything, and kill. I have tried to tell you.

"There are many, many thousands of people like me. No one knows how many people became killers during those dark days. What we know is that maybe 300,000 were killed; maybe half a million; maybe a million. No one stopped to count. But we do know that twelve million people lost their homes and fled in terror. Seven or eight million Hindus. Four or five million Moslems. Maybe more.

"I have talked about my part in the dark days to very few people. But one man to whom I spoke had known Gandhiji, and you know that Gandhi himself was killed in that terrible period during partition. And this man, who would know what Gandhiji would say if he knew what I had done, told me that what had happened was not my sin alone but the sin of all the people of India and Pakistan. Gandhiji made no distinction in his life between Hindu and Moslem; he loved us all. And his friend told me that Gandhi would have said that I had temporarily lost my sanity with all the others but that I should work for friendship between Hindu and Moslem as the only way of paying for my crime.

"What he said helps. It also helps to remember that when men are soldiers they kill because they are caught up in something larger than themselves. I hope I have answered your question."

I said that he had; but I could see there was something more he had to say.

"Perhaps you are wondering," he resumed after a minute or two," whether these terrible things happened here in India and Pakistan only because—well, because there is something perhaps primitive or uncivilized about these people; and that this could never happen to people like yourselves who are educated and refined. One thing I surely learned during that time was that everything is swept aside in panic. I was a college man; Ahmed was a college man. College men were in the crowds that set fire to the shops and the homes. And in the Western world a high literacy rate didn't keep the German people from going in for mass murder. And there were many outrages in your own Civil War. I'm afraid I would have to say that what happened to us could happen to anyone when suddenly the structure of law and order is removed and the people are governed only by their fears. It is then that the worst elements in the society can set the pattern for society itself.

"AT A time like that is when the very great men in a society show themselves. And it was then that the world really knew that Jawaharlal Nehru was fit to wear the mantle of Gandhiji. For it was Nehru who risked his life to save Moslems during the Delhi riots. It was Nehru who rushed out into Connaught Circle late at night and thrust himself between a Hindu looter and his intended victim. And it was Nehru who while on the spot ordered Hindu police to shoot at Hindu looters. And the rioting and the killing receded faster in Delhi than anywhere else—because of Nehru.

"And it is Nehru's presence in the Government that has caused many millions of Moslems to stay behind in India. By working for Moslem-Hindu friendship in India he is fulfilling the debt we must all pay to our consciences for what happened during those awful days. Both Hindus and Moslems have sinned deeply. Only in friendship can they clear those miserable stains. And Nehru is trusted by the Moslems in India. They shudder—and I shudder with them—when we think of what would happen in India if anything happened to him.

"For there is still great uneasiness in the two countries. And I tremble with my entire being lest something might happen that would throw things out of balance and bring on again even more bloodier and darker days.

"There are many issues which are unsettled between Hindus and Moslems as the result of partition. And the people are pressing for settlement. I have had to live with my family in tents or shacks, without proper sanitary facilities, since 1947. What about our property in Lahore? Shouldn't there be some payment for our store and our home? And what about the abducted women? Pakistani have many of the same claims against

(*Continued on page* 33)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

EXCELSIOR!

HARRISON SMITH'S EDITORIAL "Prophets of Doom" [*SR* Nov. 14], is one of the best statements I've seen on the need for optimism. With Malcolm Cowley's "The New Critics and the New Fiction" [*SR* July 25] (which seems to me to attack another angle of the same subject) it makes a real contribution to what must be a healthy trend toward optimism and hope in dramatic and literary offerings. . . .

There has, in recent years, been far too much reflection on the desperate side of life, written by authors who either have an entrenched neurosis or haven't the talent to do other than ride with the trend. Perhaps we've let it become fashionable to mourn and cry doom. If the public is at fault for giving these nay-sayers a hearing, it is also to be praised for turning away from them at last. . . .

CLYDE S. KING.

May's Landing, N. J.

AUNT LIZZIE'S OLD HAT

DALE WARREN'S REMINISCENCES of his Great Aunt Lizzie and comments on changing fashions in colloquial English [*SR* Dec. 5] could well have been the result of language research in a girls' boarding school, where this winter's vernacular becomes old hat, mossy, corny, or bleached bones before the summer vacation rolls around.

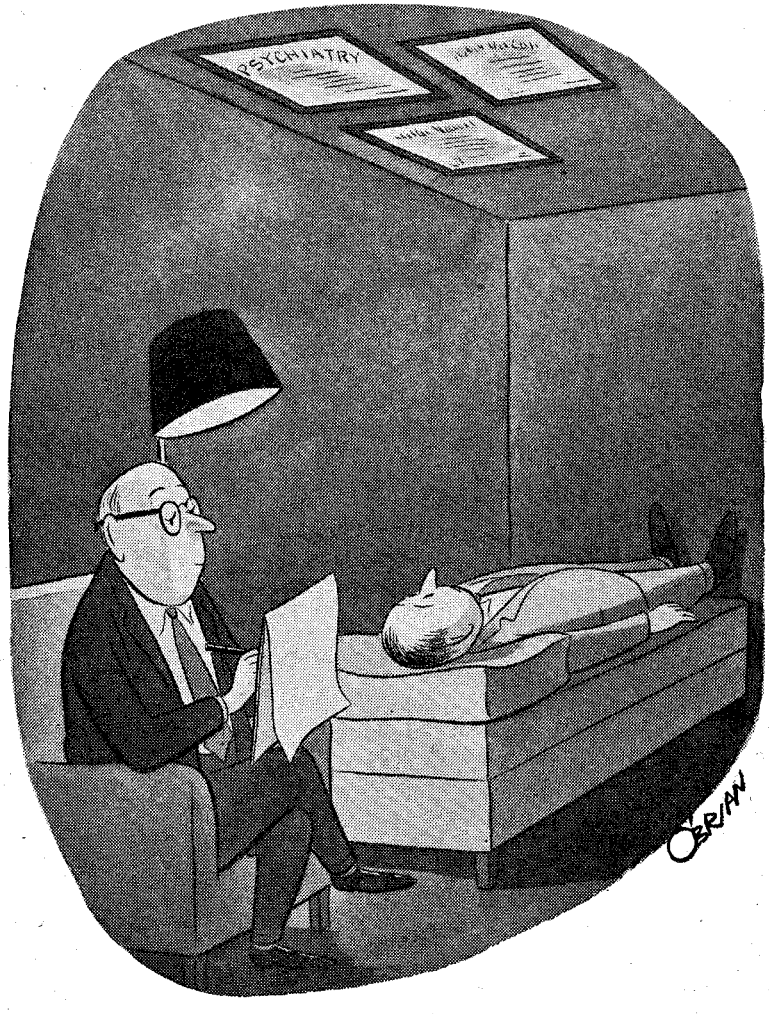
But many of Aunt Lizzie's words and phrases still seem to be pretty much alive today. In the newspapers and on the radio such expressions as "top drawer," "laissez faire," "toe the line," "en masse," "fly-by-night," and "white collar" are fairly common. . . .

If Mr. Warren's Aunt Lizzie was like my Aunt Mary she "knew what's what," didn't "care a straw," wouldn't be put off with a "flim-flam story," and wanted "the truth and nothing but the truth." She liked to "make hay while the sun shines," and her house was always "spic, span, and new." The busybody down the street had a "finger in every pie," and didn't "get a wink of sleep" worrying that "murder will out."

These familiar phrases and hundreds more that were translated into English in 1612 from Cervantes's immortal tale are just as much a part of the American vernacular today as they were when my Aunt Mary was reading Bertha M. Clay and Mary J. Holmes, and getting her latest Paris fashions out of *Godey's Lady's Book*. And when our present way of life comes to seem pretty strange and old-fashioned to future generations these age-old sayings will still be part of the language.

FRANK H. FAYANT.

Fort Plain, N. Y.



PLAN FOR PUBLISHERS

MANY YEARS AGO the new book author had a much better chance of publication than today. The editors of our era will not consider a book manuscript unless he can, more or less, guarantee himself a successful run on the first edition at least. In years gone by a publisher, if he saw promise in a new manuscript and felt the new writer could and would do better in his next, would buy the work, publish it, even lose money on it, with the idea that on subsequent books he'd get his investment back and more. That the new author would get the psychological boost of having his first opus published and would work harder on his second to make it better were the foregone conclusions. Besides this, the writer would have established his name before the public, making his second try easier to sell.

It seems to me that today some sort of compromise could be reached which would be in favor of both the publishing house and the new author.

Suppose a present-day publisher comes across a first work of promise and ability, but does not feel he can buy it for publication because he knows he will lose instead of make money? Suppose this publisher were to compromise and were to write the new author and say, Look, Joe, we feel that you have the ability and promise which will someday make you a good commercial writer. Now if we publish this book of yours we will lose money but, at the same time, we feel that you'd do much better on your next if you could get this one between covers. We are, therefore, going to make you this proposition: we will publish this work of yours provided all the royalties due you on its sales will come to us to defray expenses of publication. That is, until the cost of the edition is paid for—if and when you will begin to collect. Of course, as we are taking a chance on you and are helping you in your career, we would like you to sign this iron-clad contract to the effect that we have first refusal on your next five books.

In this way it seems logical that the publisher would not lose on a writer's first book (or would not lose as much as if he'd bought it the regular way) and the author would benefit by having his first work before the public bearing the name of a well-known publisher.

Perhaps the best feature of this plan which I venture to offer is that it will help in developing young writers who without it would have no chance of publication. It will bring them before the public, will let them develop their abilities, and will thereby raise the number of good American writers.

Surely we are not so overpopulated with good writers that we cannot, or need not, have more of them.

PHIL COOKE.

Grand Island, Nebr.

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Wilderness of the Stars

Since World War II there has been a revolution in scientific thinking about the possibility of travel to other planets. In the essay that follows, Cornelius Ryan, associate editor of Collier's *magazine and a specialist on space-travel, tells what these new ideas are and appraises three recently published books on the subject.*

By Cornelius Ryan

IT IS already an accepted fact, shared not only by laymen but also by many distinguished scientists, that in the not too distant future man will venture beyond the atmosphere to brave the inhospitable reaches of space. Once there and safely ensconced in a wheel-like, air-conditioned space station slowly traveling in an orbit around the globe, he can get down to the real business afoot—the exploration of the heavens.

Certainly the extraordinary achievements in the development of research planes, high-altitude rockets, and the intensive work now underway in the field of space medicine, all seem to be directed toward or at least to imply that space flight is in the offing. However, it would be wrong to assume that tomorrow's manned rocketship will be developed by accident as it were, or as a by-product perhaps of these various research programs.

Dr. Wernher von Braun, perhaps the foremost authority in the world today on rocketry and its application to space travel, has written that "the conquest of space is as inevitable as the rising of the sun . . . but it is a task of too great magnitude to be a mere product of some other work . . . it requires a well-coordinated program extending over a number of years, each step dovetailing into the whole pattern." Today's research is producing only the mortar to hold all the scientific bricks of tomorrow's space program together and that is all.

True, the technical specifications of rocketships, space stations, and the type of vehicles to carry expeditions from earth satellites to the moon or Mars have been blueprinted by Von Braun and others in remarkable detail. Sizes, weights, speeds, fuel requirements, and methods of operation have all been worked out in the most painstaking manner. And from today's upper atmosphere research plus a vast stock of physical, psychological, and astronomical information methods have been devised to protect what Dr. Heinz Haber calls the "weakest link in any effort to reach space—man himself." But all of this knowledge—most of which is theoretical anyway—represents only a mere beginning to the staggeringly difficult and costly project of sending man into space. Regrettably, this fact is rarely emphasized in space-flight literature. The result of this omission and others equally as serious, and the whole aided by Hollywood and TV's extra-terrestrial flights of fancy, have given the average reader the impression that any day now—if not already—man will blast off for the star-studded blackness of space.

Of course, nothing could be further from the truth. Manned space flight and the erection of a space station *could be* a reality within ten years, the moon *could be* reached within twenty-five to fifty years—*providing that an all-out development program began now.* It is this latter consideration which is conveniently forgotten in so many works on space travel.

Of the scores of books which have appeared on the subject since World War II it can be said that a good 60 per cent have been fanciful, wildly improbable, and technically absurd productions. Some authors have quite casually taken the laws of physics and, whether through ignorance or deliberate intent, have twisted them to suit their own convenience. Others have quite cheerfully sent rocketships soaring through space at such incredible speeds that the unfortunate occupants could not possibly have survived. And how often have these pseudo-scientific books included illustrations which were totally misleading!

One example which comes to mind, and which seems to crop up in one form or another in many of these offerings, is the drawing of a tall, slender, bullet-shaped rocketship being "readied for a trip to the moon." The reader is rarely told that for such a vehicle to tear away from the earth's gravitational pull, speed 239,000 miles to the moon, land on that lonesome body and then return to earth, it would have to carry so much fuel that it would weigh perhaps 900,000 tons and stand as tall as the Empire State Building!

Over the last ten years specialists such as Von Braun, Zwicky of California Institute of Technology, Truax of the U. S. Navy, and others have repeatedly pointed out that man's first real efforts to reach out of his atmosphere will be to establish a robot laboratory in an orbit close to the earth. This will be the first step—a far cry from the huge rocketships of pseudo-scientific space travel literature. Unmanned, but loaded with measuring instruments all hooked up to automatically reporting radio equipment, this "baby space station" will verify and confirm much of the theoretical knowledge now available. Only years later, after much trial and error, will man gingerly venture into space in a rocketship. But the vast majority of books on space travel have so misled their readers regarding this sequence of events that one cannot help but wonder if the first tentative steps may not indeed prove anticlimactic!

THANKFULLY, however, a small number of authoritative books have appeared during the last few years which have to some extent balanced the spate of pseudo-scientific offerings. Besides such first-rate science writers as Britain's A. C. Clark ("The Exploration of Space") and Willy Ley ("Rockets, Missiles, and Space Travel," etc.) among others, a number of scientists have written books on space travel or on allied subjects which are a "must" for those who are seriously interested in the astronomical, physiological, or engineering aspects of the problems involved. Chief among these authorities are: Dr. Wernher von Braun, the Army's guided missiles expert; Sir Harold Spenser Jones, Britain Astronomer Royal; Dr. Fred L. Whipple and Dr. Donald C. Menzel, both of Harvard; Dr. Heinz Haber of UCLA, and Dr. Hubertus Strughold of the Air Force's School of Aviation Medicine.

Two new books from this coterie recently appeared: Dr. Wernher von Braun's **"The Mars Project"** (University of Illinois Press, $3.95) and Dr. Hubertus Strughold's **"The Green and Red Planet"** (University of New Mexico Press, $4)—the former deals with the engineering requirements and mechanical problems relating to a journey to Mars, the latter is a physio-

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logical study of the possibility of life on that planet. A third book called **"Flight Into Space"** (Random House, $3.50) by Jonathan Norton Leonard, while by no means in the same class as the other two, has recently been published and deserves mention.

Von Braun makes the point very clear from the onset that his Mars proposal is nothing more than a rough outline dealing with some of the problems which an interplanetary trip would entail. But for a "rough outline" it is a very complete work—at least from a mechanical standpoint. It includes detailed mathematical data, astronomical and physical tables, tabulations of weights, speeds, fuel requirements, and logistical considerations. While the book is highly technical because of this, it nevertheless offers to scientists and engineers a point-by-point breakdown of the basic problems involved.

Briefly, Von Braun assumes that an expedition to Mars would have to be on the "grand scale" and that a considerable amount of work would have been accomplished years before any attempt to reach Mars was even considered. In previous works Von Braun has advocated the establishment of a space station 1,075 miles above the earth in a so-called "two hour" orbit —meaning that the station would travel in a north-to-south direction around the globe once every two hours. His Mars plan calls for the erection of another space station—this one traveling in the plane of the equator, in a west-to-east direction.

THE Mars station would be fed with supplies by ferrying rocketships plying between it and Earth. A fleet of ten Mars vehicles would be assembled in space at the Mars station from parts ferried up by the rocketships and the entire flotilla would be capable of carrying an expedition of seventy men. The costs would be staggering—propellants during the ferrying operations alone amounting to half a billion dollars, yet the "propellants for the actual interplanetary voyage [would be] trifling in comparison, being no more than three and a half million dollars." The total duration of the expedition would be two years and 239 days, of which time one year and 155 days would be spent in traveling to and from Mars. The actual duration of stay on the planet would be a little over thirteen months.

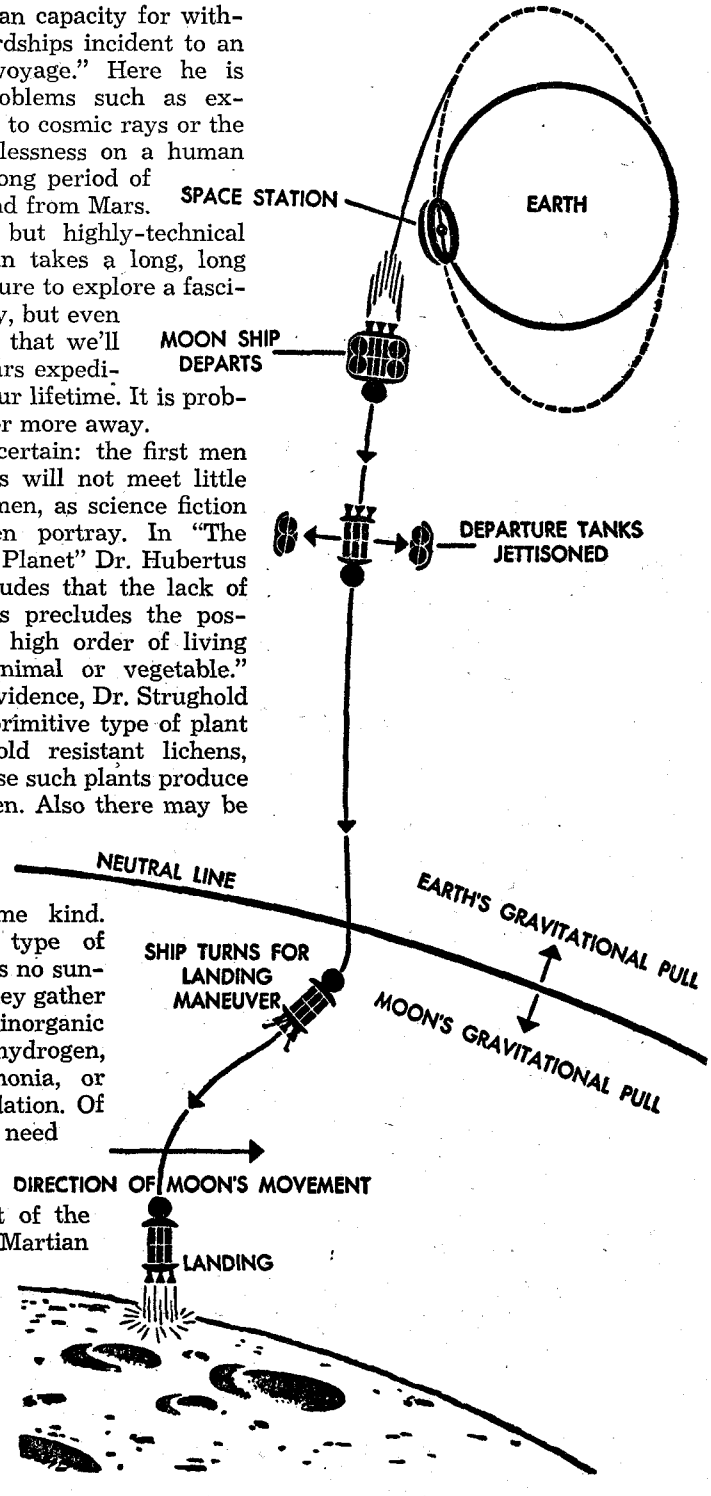
Von Braun sticks throughout the book to the mechanical aspects only. He does not attempt to answer such problems as astronavigation or the possible hazards of meteoric concentrations between Earth and Mars. Neither does he discuss what he calls the "problem-complex revolving around the human capacity for withstanding the hardships incident to an interplanetary voyage." Here he is referring to problems such as extended exposure to cosmic rays or the effect of weightlessness on a human body over the long period of the voyage to and from Mars.

In this slim, but highly-technical book Von Braun takes a long, long look into the future to explore a fascinating possibility, but even he would agree that we'll hardly see a Mars expedition set out in our lifetime. It is probably a century or more away.

One thing is certain: the first men to land on Mars will not meet little green-skinned men, as science fiction writers so often portray. In "The Green and Red Planet" Dr. Hubertus Strughold concludes that the lack of oxygen on Mars precludes the possibility of "any high order of living things either animal or vegetable." There is some evidence, Dr. Strughold believes, for a primitive type of plant life such as cold resistant lichens, primarily because such plants produce their own oxygen. Also there may be a lowly type of animal existence such as bacteria of some kind. This primitive type of animal life needs no sunshine. Instead they gather energy from inorganic matter such as hydrogen, menthane, ammonia, or the like by oxidation. Of course, they also need oxygen, but in this respect the low content of the oxygen in the Martian atmosphere may be sufficient.

While these two books have limited appeal because of their technical nature, Jonathan Norton Leonard's book "Flight Into Space" is designed for a more general audience. For a long time there has been a great need for a well-grounded critical work on all the aspects of space flight—if for no other reasons than to bring all of the problems into perspective. Mr. Leonard's book starts out being that book.

The first third of the work gives every promise of being a definitive report on rocketry now and in the future, but from there on it loses strength because the author becomes obsessed with his dislike of Dr. Von Braun's theories. In fact, the book amounts to a neat attack on Von Braun.



—From "Conquest of the Moon."

Maneuvers during the trip to the moon.

Glibly and slickly he snipes and belittles Von Braun's theories. "Von Braun," he writes, "appears to be a practical man if not looked at too closely. He speaks incisively with the faintest German accent, and he can and has impressed both German and American military experts. He can also inspire an audience of civilian engineers, or of kids or of theoretical scientists or of mush-minded faddists."

Mr. Leonard, no mush-minded

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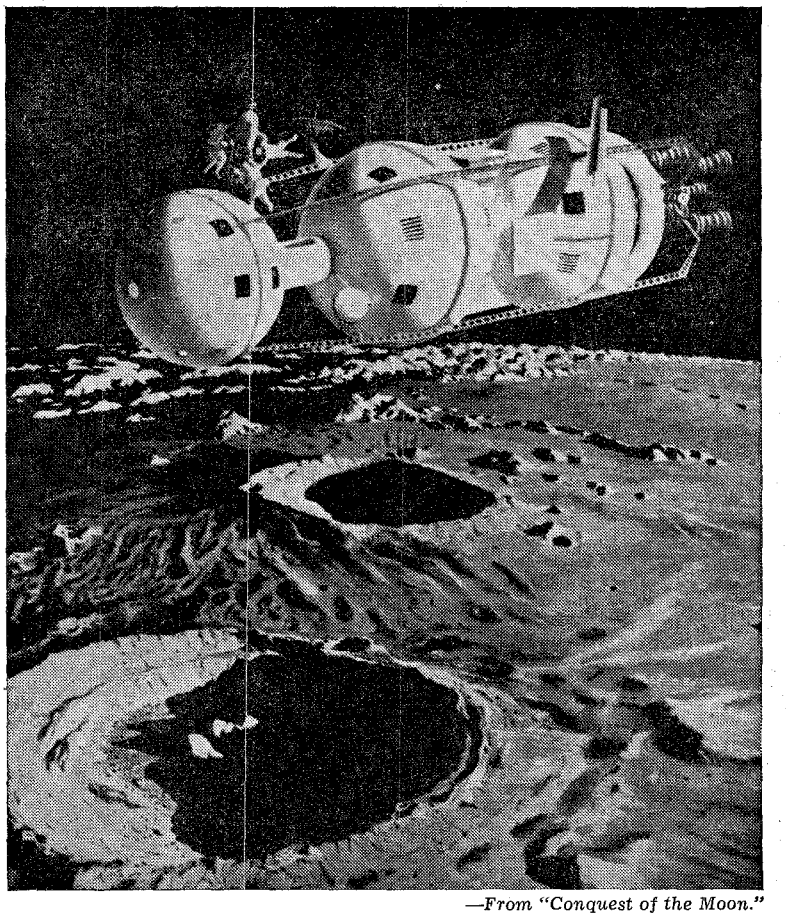
faddist he, then goes on in a rather supercilious manner to paint the scientist as some sort of ogre who is bent on denuding the U. S. of its scientific brains by marshaling all available experts and resources to push his, Von Braun's, space proposals. He names only one scientist, Dr. Milton Rosen of the Naval Research Laboratory, to substantiate his charge; elsewhere it is the "men who work with rockets or guided missiles" who get "cold chills" at Von Braun's proposals. Or it's the "practical guided missile men" who "scream for salvation" from them. It's a pity that Mr. Leonard does not back his statements by naming authorities, for he is not a scientist and is therefore open to criticism.

THE book also lacks fresh research. It is based to a great extent on two or three books which were published within the last few years in which the Von Braun proposals appeared. In spite of this, the author apparently failed to read these works carefully for there are many technical errors. At one point in explaining how a Von Braun rocketship returns to earth from a space station he has the winged vehicle barrel-rolling into the atmosphere. Apparently Mr. Leonard completely misunderstood the method governing the return of this vehicle—he has it, and its unfortunate pilot, entering the atmosphere upside down.

Elsewhere in describing a three-stage rocketship's flight from earth in the manner proposed by Von Braun he writes: "It starts up vertically, but it is turned toward the east by automatic controls while it is still in the atmosphere where its rudders can grip the air." The three-stage rocketship as suggested by Von Braun has no rudders. It turns left or right, goes up or down by the use of swiveling rocket motors because it operates at altitudes where there is too little air to be effective with ordinary airplane-type rudder controls. There are many other inaccuracies, many of them by overstatement or omission.

The book's main argument about the Von Braun proposals are that he is advocating a "crash program" to put man into space. Obviously Mr. Leonard spent little time reading the many papers Von Braun has written over the last ten years. In them he would have found that beneath the scientist's ambitious proposals lies a very cautious, careful plan of development. But there is still a great need for a really critical and constructive appraisal of the Von Braun theories; Mr. Leonard's book does not fill the bill. Indeed, for a book on space travel it never really gets off the ground.



—*From "Conquest of the Moon."*

A moonship on a survey of the lunar surface.

Our Kid Sister

"The Conquest of the Moon," by Wernher von Braun, Fred L. Whipple, and Willy Ley; edited by Cornelius Ryan *(Viking Press. 126 pp. $4.50), considers the problem, in text and pictures, of a trip to the moon for the purposes of exploration. Below it is reviewed by Heinz Haber, associated physicist at the University of California at Los Angeles and author of "Man in Space."*

By Heinz Haber

DURING the past three years a number of highly publicized books and magazine articles have driven home to the public the fact that the feat of the Wright brothers cannot be repeated on an interplanetary scale. The Wright brothers built the first motor-driven airplane in a bicycle shop. The design, construction, and operation of the first spaceship, however, will require a whole industry that will constitute a sizable factor in the economy of a large nation. Space flight will be a gigantic enterprise. How big this job is going to be is related in "Conquest of the Moon," the work of three experts in the fields of rocket propulsion, astronomy, and space flight: Dr. Wernher von Braun, Dr. Fred L. Whipple, and Willy Ley. The book is an outgrowth of a series of articles which first appeared in *Collier's* magazine. Cornelius Ryan, associate editor of *Collier's*, acted as editor of the book.

The objective of the project described is the exploration of a limited section of the moon's surface. The personnel of the expedition consists of fifty highly specialized and selected scientists and engineers who make the trip to the moon, land there, spend a total of six weeks on the desolate, airless face of the moon, and return to the home planet. The project requires: (1) a space station and (2) three moonships. The space station, or artificial satellite, is a huge wheel-shaped structure measuring 250 feet across. It is a man-made

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moon that swings around the earth in a circular orbit about 1,000 miles above the ground. The three moonships are assembled in the immediate proximity of this "shipyard in the skies"; the parts of the moonships are ferried up into the satellite orbit, unloaded, and pieced together in the void by space-suited assembly workers. The fuel for the ships is then delivered in the same way and finally, when the moonships are fully equipped and tanked, they travel around the earth at a constant speed of 15,840 miles per hour. This speed proves to be an extremely valuable asset for the intended trip, since the moonships require only an additional speed of 3,660 miles per hour launching them into their trajectory to the moon.

THE moonships are huge, weird-looking structures measuring 160 by 110 feet. Fuel and passengers are stored in huge nylon spheres attached to a sturdy duralumin framework which also carries the rocket powerplants and fuel pumps. No streamlined hulls are required for the ships, since they operate in the vacuum of space only. Fully tanked, manned, and equipped they weigh 4,370 tons each, almost 99 per cent of which is fuel load. To haul this monstrous mass into the satellite orbit is a task of fantastic proportions. It requires 360 single flights of three-stage supply rocket ships, at a total expense of over two million tons of fuel. Finally, when two of the three moonships return from the moon—the third is left behind—they will constitute a combined weight of seventy-eight tons.

Five days after blast-off from the satellite orbit the three moonships begin their delicate, automatically controlled landing maneuver on the moon. Resting firmly on the pillar of fire expelled from the exhaust nozzles, they float down gently to an egg-shell landing. Then the members of the expedition set up camp. One of the moonships is dismantled, and the ingeniously designed parts are used for quarters. Operating from this base the expedition sets out for an extensive program of lunar explorations with the aim of shedding some light on the exterior and interior constitution of the moon, the origin of the bizarre features on its surface, and many other unsolved riddles that surround the nature and origin of the earth's companion. The most ambitious part of the expedition is a ten-day, 500-mile round trip to a larger crater made with the use of two tractors that house the ten members of the crew in airtight compartments. After two hot moon-days and one chilly moon-night—each two weeks long—the expedition returns to the satellite orbit.

The description of this imposing project abounds in engineering, astronomical, and navigational details. The authors have worked out many ingenious devices and a multitude of delicate machinery that form an efficient, functional design of the whole operation. The details are based on our present engineering and astronomical knowledge. In principle all designs should work. But there is hardly room for technical failure. The job is so big that we are forced to operate in the fringe area of engineering reliability and efficiency. Each piece of equipment and each operation must function as no other product of man ever has.

The authors, the editor, and the illustrators of this book must be commended for having rendered a unique service to the idea of space travel. All too willingly the space enthusiast permits himself to be carried away by the inspiring idea of man's imminent conquest of space. In many circles the conquest of the moon is considered only a first, small step leading to more ambitious feats. In "Conquest of the Moon" the authors have presented ample proof that space flight is a task of fantastic proportions. Billions of dollars, and millions of man-hours by highly skilled personnel will have to be sunk into the moon project. This is the price we will have to pay, if we intend to fulfill man's age-old desire to set foot on an alien celestial body. It is the price we will have to pay for solving yet unsolved riddles of the moon. Let us hope that the political and economic future of mankind will eventually permit us to afford such singular cultural progress.

Brothers in Space

INTERPLANETARY EXPLORATION: It is difficult to realize how rapidly popular notions about space travel have changed. A generation or two ago the subject was the serious concern of a few scientists and science-fiction writers only, and the situation was much the same at the start of World War II. But military research had two important effects. In the first place, it brought about great progress in rocket technology and theory. Also, it produced such spectacular results—atomic energy, radar, electronic "brains"—that skepticism about all future advances will have to be tempered with a measure of confidence in the technical powers of science. The new attitude toward interplanetary exploration is well illustrated in **"Our Neighbor Worlds,"** by the British astronomer V. A. Firsoff (Philosophical Library, $6).

He might be making plans for a drive as he discusses the visit and the possibility of digging mines to exploit lunar ores. "Reaching Mercury, though difficult, is less formidable than is sometimes made out"; "a voyage to Venus is one of the simplest astronautical propositions." It is conceded that trips to Saturn, Jupiter, and other more distant planets would take years and will not be attempted for a long time to come. Rocket experts may disagree with some of Dr. Firsoff's most optimistic statements. But the facts he presents are taken from authoritative sources, and there is no arguing with his general conclusion: "Astronomy, or at any rate that part of it which deals with the solar system, will be placed on substantially the same footing as geography." —JOHN PFEIFFER.

Mint

By George Abbe

AT NIGHT when cool, when cool the good rain comes
and seeks to fall more swiftly, and fails, and returns
to gray heaven, and heat hangs like a bruised plum
on the bough of windlessness, and the crickets' chirr
is muted; now, strange like an amiable scarecrow puzzled
by an old charm, the boy on a bicyle passes,
his shirt sweat-drenched, eyes odd, hair frizzled
with swimming and heat; aimless; his bike pedal flicking grasses
that grow tall, leaning, by the crooked wooden fence. . .

Then, faint, but longed-for and pleasant as arms of a lover,
the spice of meadow mint enfolds the heart,
frail and ghostly, but true as wild bird's hover,
and the boy, not knowing why, feels the throat's gate
break wide with joy, and rising on pedals flings
his weight at distance, and speeds on evening's wings.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The Importing of Being Earnest

ADAPTING a modern play from one language to another appears to be a tremendously difficult task. In Paris recently Jean Anouilh was something less than successful with an adaptation of "Desire Under the Elms," and here in America dramatic critic Louis Kronenberger confesses that his version of Anouilh's "Colombe" has presented him with a dilemma or two.

Interviewed in Philadelphia, where "Mademoiselle Colombe," featuring Julie Harris, Eli Wallach, and Edna Best, was getting its naturalization papers, Mr. Kronenberger looked reticently objective about the whole business.

"The thing that pleased me about adapting this play," said Mr. Kronenberger, "is that it wasn't a literary blind date. They handed me the script and because I liked it as a reader I said yes, I wanted to adapt it."

He obviously did like it, because he has had to sandwich "Colombe" in between his critical paragraphs for *Time*, his lectures at Brandeis University, and the editing of some half-dozen books within a matter of months.

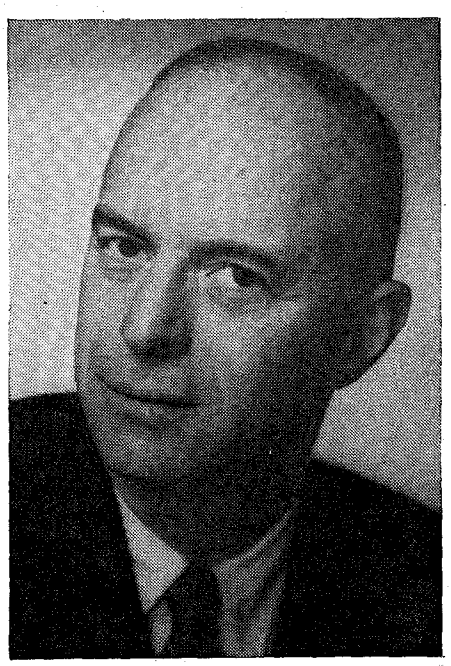
"Anouilh has a wonderful sense of theatre, he is a good dramatic philosophizer, and—bitter as his plays may be—they come out of honest emotion," continued Mr. Kronenberger. "Furthermore, at the end of 'Colombe' you are left with a real feeling about life, which is not true of a great many of our most heralded American dramas."

That Mr. Kronenberger decries the trend towards naturalism in the American theatre is indicated by his preface to the recently published "Cavalcade of Comedy" (Simon and Schuster, $7.50), in which he says, "For myself, comedy and tragedy are the only finally valid and artistic forms for portraying life; the only ones that can give an extra dimension to their subject matter. The naturalistic drama only gives an extra vividness to it . . . It combines the grayest sort of material with the purplest sort of treatment. . . . Everything is thus externalized, there is no inwardness or subsurface . . . there is a want of that perspective that we derive from comedy, or that enlargement that tragedy bestows."

"Colombe" combines both tragedy and comedy, and its adapter feels that this may hurt its chances here. "Americans are used to having tragedy or comedy so labeled. It may worry them to have both under the same blanket."

M. Anouilh, when interviewed in Paris last summer, advanced much the same reason for the lack of commercial success his plays have enjoyed on Broadway. Said M. Anouilh, who pronounces his name *ah-Noo-yi*, "I believe the people in America are accustomed to a surface realism. They want the appearance of reality, not reality itself. My realism is stylized and not a mirror realism at all. The feelings are true, but not the appearances."

He has discussed this beautifully in one of his plays. In Act II of "La Répétition" the Count makes the following speech to the actors in a little play. "The natural, the true, in the theatre is the thing that is the least natural in the world. Do not think that you must re-create the appearance of life. In the first place, in life the script is always so bad! We live in a world which has lost completely the use of the semi-colon. We say everything in half-finished sentences with three little trailing dots implied, because we cannot find the word that suits. And then take the natural conversation which some performers pretend to make: these mutterings, these hiccoughs, these slurrings over, these



Louis Kronenberger: "extra dimension."

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pauses, it really isn't worth the trouble of bringing five or six hundred people together in a room and charging them money to watch it. They like it, I know. They recognize themselves in it. But all the same we must write and act the play better than they do. Life is very nice, but it has no form. The aim of art is to give it exactness, and to use all the artifices there are to make it more true than the real thing. But I'm boring you. I'm starting to touch on a serious subject."

Despite this handicap of being truer than it is natural, "Colombe," according to M. Anouilh, has more appearance of reality in it than do his other plays, and he thinks it therefore could do better than "Antigone," "The Cry of the Peacock," and "Legend of Lovers," all of which enjoyed very short runs here.

Mr. Kronenberger, who admits that he is more at home in the definitely artificial kind of play like "Ring Round the Moon," has nevertheless done considerable adapting in an effort to make "Colombe" play more comfortably in our commercial theatre. Some things, of course, he could not change. For instance, he feels that the idea of a girl who can be faithful to two men at once is a profoundly un-American notion, and that Colombe's explanation to her returning husband will seem unrealistic. Nevertheless, it is fundamental to the story and must remain. But where he can he has tried to find equivalents that will have a French flavor and at the same time be expressive and intelligible to Americans.

Also he has had to cut some twenty-five minutes of dialogue. "The French love long speeches and conversations for their own sake, and besides their language can be spoken faster than ours," explains Mr. Kronenberger. "I have cut a great deal out of the role of Madame Georges, a comedy-of-humors character with a passion for talking about diseases. She seemed a useful old-fashioned character who could be had at any length. I also eliminated one long speech by La Surrette in which he tells the heartbroken Julien the sordid details of his own unfortunate marriage. I hope these cuts will help the play, because I think of all the classic French qualities the one Anouilh has least is measure. In that respect he is more of a romantic writer."

This romantic quality perhaps leads Anouilh into writing about extremes. In "Colombe" the characters are either very immoral theatre people or smug puritans, and Mr. Kronenberger feels that this gives both sides equally good arguments. He hopes he has made it clear that one reason Colombe succumbs to her husband's wastrel half-brother is that she has been exposed to so much of the other extreme.

"In a way Anouilh is a little like Swift," concludes Mr. Kronenberger. "He is always exploding because something deep down won't explode."

Because he did not adapt with a particular cast in his mind—Mr. Kronenberger is categorically opposed to suiting plays to actors—the company of "Mademoiselle Colombe" has had to do considerable mind-climbing of its own. If everyone has succeeded, "Mademoiselle Colombe" may appear as true a "Colombe" to Americans as the original did to the French.

"IN THE SUMMER HOUSE" is a strange mirage of a play that at moments seems to touch upon the unreality of neurotic existence like a stroke on a Javanese gong. Jane Bowles's new play tells the story of Mrs. Eastman-Cuevas, a meticulous widow who runs a Southern California guest house. She has a daughter, Molly, who spends her time in a summer house reading comic books. These miserable interdependents who "do not care for the kind of excitement you get when you go out" sap each other's vitality.

Soon a second pair arrive. They are Mrs. Constable and her daughter Vivian. While resembling the first two, they are very different in that they believe in freedom and uninhibitedness. Both daughters fall in love with the same young man, and Molly finally pushes Vivian off the cliff. Then Mrs. Eastman-Cuevas makes a marriage of convenience with a prosperous and unneurotic Mexican, and Molly marries her young man. However, these marriages fail to bring either of them out of their summer houses. In an earlier version of the play this results in Molly's suicide, but in this version her mother, who in her own youth had murdered someone, sets her free.

The play may gain in interest if you think of Mrs. Constable and Vivian as *alter egos* to the first pair. But I'm afraid the increment will be insufficient to carry you over the long languid stretches where Mrs. Bowles has been unable to sustain her brilliantly perceptive dialogue or to support it with enough significantly active plot.

Paul Bowles's music has style and humor and helps his wife's play considerably. In fact, the sum of its virtues makes "In the Summer House" a memorable piece of theatre. They do not, however, make it into a very satisfactory play. —HENRY HEWES.

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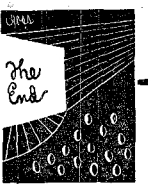

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Ho There, Noble M-G-M!

—From "Knights of the Round Table."

Robert Taylor (Sir Lancelot) is distressed by a lady's dismay over a friend's demise.

I HAD LOOKED forward to seeing M-G-M's **"Knights of the Round Table,"** for my memories of this studio's "Ivanhoe" were pleasant. The same director (Richard Thorpe) and the same producer (Pandro S. Berman) were commissioned to do this one, and they were allowed considerably more in the way of medieval armament because it was being done for the CinemaScope screen. The statistics alone are impressive: 6,000 costumes, including heavy armor plate for both actors and animals; 500 hard-riding horses; 10,000 arrows for the soldiers' bows; 200 large sets, including a complete stone castle built to order; and even ten trained falcons, a figure which somehow touched me most of all. The filming took six months, some of it in England (one site was Tintagel in Cornwall, where King Arthur's castle was supposed to have stood) and some in Ireland. Nice scenery, too. But, in spite of the valiant efforts by all concerned, it's a dullish film that has been turned out. I had the distinct impression that all the wonderful body of Arthurian legend and romance, including Malory's "Le Morte d'Arthur," had been compressed by the busy screenwriters into something suspiciously close to the format of a large-scale Western. In fact, near the end there was a scene that might have been borrowed from a Roy Rogers show. Lancelot fell into a quagmire, and his faithful white horse came at his call and pulled him out.

Nevertheless, along the way there's a lot of interesting pageantry. There are three pitched battles in which the hard-riding horses, all five hundred of them, get the workout of their lives. There's the expected jousting tournament, and three or four other occasions when Robert Taylor, as Lancelot, charges an opposing knight with his lance. Arthur and Lancelot have a whale of a fight, before each knows who the other is, with huge broadswords; and there are a couple of other set-to's with smaller keen-edged weapons. Then there's the wedding of Arthur and Guinevere, a very formal affair; the trial of Lancelot (for having a supposed affair with the queen); and a courtly dance scene. All of this is handsome stuff.

So, I suspect it's the script that's to blame for the heavy-handed impression the movie eventually makes. The gaps between the fights have not been filled with anything reasonably imaginative or subtle. I suppose a suggestion of quaintness or of the archaic was wanted in the dialogue, but the writers fell into the trap of using the whiskered speech of the comic strips. "Ho! Where goes thee, noble knight?" is a not too inaccurate rendering of its quality. "I have fought with Sir Lancelot and lived!" marvels a knight who had made the mistake of abduct-

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ing Guinevere on her way to her marriage.

One can hardly accuse M-G-M of straying from the facts in building the story, since it's mainly myth, legend, and folklore to begin with. Still, there's little excuse for rendering the material into basic English, and for making the characters into stock Hollywood types. Nor are Guinevere and Lancelot allowed to have a proper affair. They're punished in the end anyway, so there would have been no objection from the Production Code. They moon at each other and cast anguished glances, but otherwise all is chaste between them. The legends have it otherwise.

Robert Taylor is routine as Lancelot, Ava Gardner is silly as Guinevere, but there are others in the cast who handle themselves capably. Among these are Mel Ferrer as King Arthur, Stanley Baker as the evil Sir Modred, and Felix Aylmer as Merlin. The horses are all admirable. But I guess what M-G-M has really forgotten is that it was the acts of magic, mystery, and sorcery, as well as the chivalric romance, in the legends that entranced us. For all their jousting and fighting, the Knights of the Round Table strike me in this version as a pretty tame bunch.

* * *

"The King of the Khyber Rifles" is more costume stuff, and it's also in CinemaScope. "For years," so my publicity brochure tells me, "Twentieth Century-Fox had dreamed of translating Talbot Mundy's celebrated novel into a motion picture of matchless scope and splendor." The dream has come to naught. Where did Twentieth Century decide to go to film this epic of India? A couple of hundred miles away, to judge by the familiar mountain scenery. Tyrone Power and Terry Moore were rounded up to play, respectively, a half-caste officer of the British forces and a daughter of the regimental commander. And, while I can't prove this, Ivan Goff and Ben Roberts, the screenwriters, would seem to have devoted some study to the "Cloudland Revisited" essays of S. J. Perelman, for the dialogue gives the impression of a compendium of all the clichés ever found in movies about India. The script, however, has one progressive touch. Tyrone, son of Moslem woman and a British father, eventually manages to convince one and all that he is a suitable match for the daughter of the regiment. The blood flowing in his veins is true blue -and that, you see, is what counts most with Terry Moore and her father, the regimental commander, Michael Rennie. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

Where Violence Begins

Continued from page 24

India. Then, to top everything, of course, is the Kashmir dispute.

"The situation between the two countries is far from ideal. Zealots on both sides are trying to inflame the people. Moslem religious fanatics think Pakistan ought to wage a holy war against India and unite the entire country on the basis of Moslem rule. And we have our own Hindu fanatics who want to sweep into Pakistan and bring about re-unification through force and then set up a theocratic Hindu state.

"That is why I pray that these two countries may have peace."

* * *

I BEGAN this account by saying that Deridas's story about the dark days of 1947 in India has a special meaning today for the American people. America is in a position today to exercise a profound influence on the affairs of India and Pakistan. If we are wise we can contribute to the peace and well-being of both countries. If we are foolish or insensitive we can upset a precarious equilibrium and help to touch off a subcontinental civil war.

Of all the issues outstanding between India and Pakistan today none is more difficult or more combustible than the Kashmir dispute. There is no clear-cut question of right and wrong here between India and Pakistan. Anyone who has attempted to study the problem on the spot knows the difficulty of striking a balance between the claims of both parties. Similarly, anyone who has made a sensitive appraisal of the situation knows that the present Prime Ministers of both countries are far more moderate in their approaches, far more convinced of the necessity for and possibility of a peaceful settlement, than large segments of public opinion in their respective countries. Both Mohammed Ali and Jawarharlal Nehru have demonstrated a sense of total responsibility in opposing the growing extremist factions.

In the midst of this touch-and-go situation comes the report that America is preparing to send arms to Pakistan. The effect has been exactly what was to be expected. In India it has already strengthened the hands of the extremists who want to press for a forcible seizure of the Kashmir. It gives the Communists the most powerful weapon they have had since India became independent. It puts them in a position where they could claim leadership against what they denounce as the vacillating policies of Nehru. It enables them to exploit the passions of the militant Hindus, playing upon their fears that the religious fanatics in Pakistan would seize the upper hand and use American arms against India. It makes the entire nation fearful that Pakistan would be in a stronger position in the event of a showdown over the Kashmir.

There are forty million Moslems in India. If Nehru's policies of moderation are to be swept aside by an alliance of Communists and militant Hindus then the last barrier will have been removed to a resumption of the dark days of 1947.

America says it is against Communism. Nothing that organized Communism has done in Asia—whether in China or India—can compare with the impetus we will give Communism in Asia as the result of the chaos resulting from a Hindu-Moslem explosion. Russia does not want peace in Asia. Russia has no way of coping with peace in Asia. Russia wants chaos in Asia. We are proposing to make her that gift.

It is one of history's most stupendous paradoxes that step by step, day by day, in the name of anti-Communism we seem to be doing the very things that will give Communism control over the majority of the world's peoples.

Our business in the world is the business of peace. If we are to do anything for Asia let us do the things that are in keeping with the American character. If we want to help Pakistan build real defenses against Communism let us put up giant dams and power installations. Let us help her develop her farms and her industries. If we are concerned about Communism in India let us fight the threat where it exists today—in the farms and villages and factories—by helping to prove to the Indian people that Communism is the false answer to famine, poverty, illiteracy. We can prove that democracy is the right answer by putting democracy to work. But if we can do none of these things let us not set the stage for mass murder.

We have yet to develop our knowledge of the world to match our power in the world. For we will survive not through power alone but through a deep sensitivity to the wants and the hurts of others, and through the appeal of great ideas. This is the test of the American moral fiber if there ever was one. —N. C.

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TV AND RADIO

Mr. Sherwood in the Wilderness

THE wilderness is poetically a symbol of trial, of challenge, of a corridor for the emergence of strength and victory. Robert E. Sherwood, the American playwright, in the last days of 1953 entered the wilderness of television, and if in his first encounter with a strange new medium he stumbled and was bruised—this is no sin. Playwrights are but mortal; all know the bitter taste of manna that seems, deceptively, inspiration. Mr. Sherwood himself cast the first stone. He was faithless to his Jehovah. When the devil whispered: "Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of TV," the author failed to say: "Get thee behind me, Satan!"

"Idiot's Delight," "Abe Lincoln in Illinois," "There Shall Be No Night," and the movie "The Best Years of Our Lives" were stirring communications written by a man who addressed them, undoubtedly, to his peers. No playwright whose works are of critical value does less. You may not seize the platform of the arts and condescend to your audience—not if the stature of your work is to remain after the glitter of contemporaneity has been removed.

"The Backbone of America," the author's first television play, presented by the Miller Brewing Company in cooperation with NBC-TV, was not a conscious act of condescension on the part of Mr. Sherwood. The hallmark of his dramatic sensibilities throughout his long successful career as playwright, scenarist, and, latterly, historian has been a high respect for other people's feelings. But Satan is hardly ever obvious. The temptation must have been far more subtle.

It may have run something like this: "Selectivity appears not to be the principle of television. There are people out there who are probably meeting the theatre for the first time on TV. Their capacities for discernment are wide in range but latent. Their points of reference are limited as yet.

"They are not as sophisticated as Broadway audiences. I cannot speak to them in the same free fashion that I adopt for the critic on the aisle. I respect their possibilities but I must be cautious about their experience. Somehow, I must reach them where they are, use their own terms, and, in that smaller circle, splash a few rocks of thought and emotions that will ripple the circumference to a wider diameter."

Could it have been otherwise? Perhaps a speech in the play was a clue. "Who's worried about originality?" asked a character. "You highbrow writers are always scared of the obvious. The obvious is basic." Robert E. Sherwood would never have faced a first-night Broadway audience with "The Backbone of America." It was a Sherwood, like Samson, "eyeless in Gaza," ill at ease, uncertain and groping not for any new technique, surely, or style, degree of intimacy, simplicity of plot, but for the focal length of an unfamiliar audience.

Consider the play. A high-powered Madison Avenue promotion team for a national home-building corporation, attractive female boss genius (Yvonne de Carlo) and male sub-genius (Wendell Corey), select the Tuppels, a "typical" Midwestern family, for a publicity stunt. With the full blare of radio and press horns they invade the Tuppels' home and bestow on them, free, an $18,000 house, a honeymoon for the elder daughter and her fiancé, a scholarship to MIT for the elder son, and smaller largess for the littler Tuppels. Overwhelmed, the recipients accept with gleeful excitement—all but father (Thomas Mitchell). With a surge of profound indignation he summons up the protection which the Bill of Rights affords to the privacy of a man's home, castigates the promoters, and evicts the press. The startled Tuppels, called into family conference, quickly "catch" father's point about the dignity of the individual, share his rejection of the label "average," and agree to turn the handout down.

THE female promotion executive, aghast at the prospect of Madison Avenue ridicule of her fiasco, breaks into tears; her male partner, who has loved her all along, is pleasantly surprised to recognize a woman, after all, beneath the mask of horn-rimmed spectacles. He turns disaster into triumph for everyone by getting the offended father to buy the house at the cost of his life savings for his daughter, her fiancé, and their "unborn children." Truly the promoters had found "the backbone of America." A lot of things were rather hastily arrived at and left unexplained: among them the logic by which father and the family arrived at the happy compromise.

Mr. Sherwood set out usefully to attack a sinister villain: the "Mr. Average Man" concept which sub-structures the towering demonology o TV. His device did not match his good purpose, however. The Madison Avenue couple were neither sympathetic nor believable. The Indiana family consisted of chessmen which were moved not in a real game, but in a fast demonstration. Their refusal to accept their sudden shower of unsought good fortune came out as a sor of pious suckerdom rather than what it should have been—a shining affirmation. Their reasons were mixed up and unconvincing. How can we explain all this in the case of so proven a master as the author? Only by his acceptance of the assumption that somehow, his new audience of TV multitudes are less his peers than the people who have relished and admired his plays on the stage.

Mr. Sherwood's contract with NBC calls for eight more plays in the future. He should, in these, assert himself more forcibly in the casting and the direction. But his major concern should be a prodigal's return to his father's house, the mansion in which he has lived and written according to the highest and best within him—across footlight or film to the highest and best waiting to be awakened in others. The stirring theme, the bold voice, the authentic Sherwood thunder—multitudes, multitudes await them in the valley of TV

—ROBERT LOUIS SHAYON.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Fleisher and Smith, Also Alicia Markova

IT IS AXIOMATIC that a pianist choosing to play the D minor Concerto of Brahms is asking for trouble, and Leon Fleisher had his hands (both of them) full in his reappearance with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra under the direction of George Szell. It is nine years since the pianist was previously heard with the orchestra, which might mean more than it does, inasmuch as Fleisher is now all of twenty-five and has put those nine years to excellent use of study and performance, much of the time, lately, in Europe.

I cannot recall a wholly convincing performance of this work, for reasons that have more to do with Brahms, on most occasions, than his interpreters. That is to say, the layout of the piano part, especially in the first movement, remains one of the knottiest problems in the literature to solve. However, with the skilful assistance of Szell, Fleisher made the trills sound like trills rather than the blur they ordinarily are. On the other hand, unlike some of his American contemporaries, Fleisher does not make a fetish of accuracy, with the result that an occasional wrong note obtruded to give one an aural jar not in the rough texture of the work itself.

But there was never any question that Fleisher knew exactly what he was doing musically, where the meaning of this work lay, and how it could be exposed by strength of attack, emphasis of statement, a big sense of dynamic contrast and melodic phraseology. Fleisher at no time sounded like a young man wrestling with a task beyond his competence (which may well be the result in this work even for pianists of more numerous years); rather one sensed an understanding of the pianist's function in playing *with* an orchestra rare in this or any other work.

The names of Smith and Stravinsky became bracketed for all time on the occasion of the recent Philadelphia Orchestra concert in Carnegie Hall, when a weakening attack of grippe compelled the composer-conductor to limit his activities to his own music. This Smith is William R., who was recently engaged as assistant conductor by Eugene Ormandy, and had, in all probability, no expectation of seeing himself on the stage of Carnegie Hall for at least another year or two. What he did and the way he did it left no doubt that Ormandy's selection of him to take the place lately vacated by Alexander Hilsberg was sound.

As it happens, the Philadelphia Orchestra had never before performed the Second ("Little Russian") Symphony of Tchaikovsky. Whether or not Stravinsky had rehearsed the work—it is a special favorite of his which he has played on numerous occasions as guest conductor—I have not heard, but Smith showed himself thoroughly acquainted with its intricacies and able to control the tremendous momentum this orchestra develops almost of itself. He also managed a spirited performance of Glinka's "Russlan and Ludmilla" Overture, though this is less of a feat since it is a familiar part of the orchestra's repertory. Doubtless Smith was prey to the tremors that should beset a young conductor venturing into Carnegie Hall for the first time, even in such dependable company, but he gave no sign of them in an hour's work that was assured and full of promise. Stravinsky's portion of the program, which he performed in his usual meticulous, clarifying way, was his own Scènes de Ballet" and "Petrouchka" Suite.

AN OTHERWISE untidy and not too well-sung performance of "Fledermaus" at the Metropolitan was given a degree of interest through the presentation of Alicia Markova as a guest dancer in the ballroom scene with the company's small, not too skilful, dance ensemble. As in previous presentations of the Strauss operetta, his "Acceleration" Waltz was utilized, with some solo passages devised for Miss Markova's usage by the company's choreographer, Zachary Solov.

As a Markova admirer from the time of her first appearance in this country, it comes hard to say even a mild word of disapproval for what she does. However, I have not seen her in anything of this purely exhibitionistic character before, and I cannot say it suited her any more than she suited it. Needless to say, the lightness and ease of her movements were *sui generis,* but the odd costuming, the rather diminutive frame and skimpy arms seemed hardly what was wanted in a Strauss waltz. If you can imagine Phil Rizzuto straining to pull down a high one at first base you have a sportsman's equivalent for Markova in "Fledermaus."

In terms of the musical ensemble that prevailed when "Fledermaus" was new on the Metropolitan stage this one was deficient not merely in *joie de vivre,* but also *raison d'etre.* John Brownlee, Charles Kullmann, and Thomas Hayward are scarcely the male voices to make Strauss's music soar, and Eleanor Steber's first Rosalinda didn't make one aware of unsuspected gifts for comedy. Roberta Peters (a replacement as Adele for Virginia MacWatters, who was a replacement for Patrice Munsel) was more prima donna than chambermaid. Tibor Kozma conducted. Vigorously.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Terra Firma

By Evelyn Ames

BEETHOVEN; the conductor gives the sign
And whether with the first notes of violins
Or later, at a prophecy of chords,
It is unmistakable when it occurs—
That instant of grace when the musician finds
Exactly what it was the composer heard
And when the listening mind, like Noah's dove,
Apprehends land beneath, and drops to earth.
We are in balance now; we have found where we belong.

There is another kind of gravity
Than that which pulls the apple to the grass,
Equilibrates our bodies, buildings, trees,
Juggles the stars:
There is a center toward which we move
On hearing music, or great words greatly spoken,
On becoming ourselves the instruments of love:
It has no name; astronomy cannot find it,
Yet more than Earth we know it to be ours.

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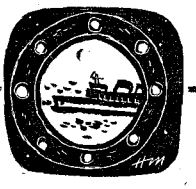

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Don't Shoot 'Til You See The Mascara of Their Eyes

WELL, sir, all we can say about the new year is that ladies are getting farther away from the kitchen every day. Fourteen of the delicate things have just departed on an all-girl safari to Africa, where they expect to bag lions, wrestle rhinos, and stalk wildebeestes on the veldt.

"When we want to skin-swim we will skin-swim," says Miss Beverly Putnam, who organized this excursion down to carefree Kenya. The only two-footed male around, not counting the apes, will be Mr. Bunny Allen, one of the leading white hunters of East Africa, who will lead the party. Miss Putnam believes that Mr. Allen will be much too occupied with the details of the hunt to come snooping around the girl's woodland swimming pool.

This will be the first trip to Africa for Miss Putnam, a thirty-one-year-old package of vivacity who used to do the hula in the Hawaiian Room of New York's Hotel Lexington. However, seven years ago she decided to go to work fully clothed and signed on as a public-relations executive of Scandinavian Airlines, which is flying the party to Africa. Don't ask us what Scandinavian Airlines is doing in Africa, but it's a cinch they are not off-course, for they have a route which goes by way of Hamburg, Zurich, Rome, Athens, Khartoum, and Nairobi.

"We want to live in the wide open spaces," Miss Putnam confided to us on the eve of her departure. "It's a new twist from visiting museums." She rubbed her shoulder thoughtfully. It was black and blue, she said, from last week's rifle practice. "We decided to limit this trip to women because we didn't want to find ourselves in the middle of Africa with six professional hunters who have been shooting all their lives and here we are with our little guns."

Miss Putnam's party will not rule out any contact with men, but she made it clear that they would take second preference over beasts.

"When we are in Zanzibar or Mombasa or Antebbe, after the safari is over, and if there are some men around, I'm sure we'll all be in the mood for drinks and dancing," was the way she explained it.

Answering a questionnaire sent out in advance of the trip, a sixty-year-old registrant wrote that what she wanted most to hunt while on safari was Mau Maus. A Long Island socialite said she wants to bring home a baby cheetah. In deference to Miss Putnam's Hawaii background — she went to the islands to learn the hula for her job as a New York hula dancer —six of the hunting ladies are from Honolulu and thereabouts. Take "Peaches" Guerrero, for example. She raises dogs and orchids and "would love to bring home a zebra skin." There is Clare Burnett, "whose husband is Hormel Ham in the islands," according to Miss Putnam. But mostly we would like to meet Helen Halliwell from New York, who is a breeder of Hackney ponies, Sicilian donkeys, and Great Danes and who wiles away her spare hours raising ornamental pheasants. Second choice for us is Mrs. Mary Whalen, who has lived in Philadelphia all her life and made her first trip to New York in order to leave her deposit for the safari. Mary gives her age as twenty-seven and has two children, aged twelve and eleven. She says the most exciting experience of her life heretofore was the time "when my South American margay escaped from its cage in an airplane while in flight." A margay is a small wild cat.

Used to be that mom's place was in the kitchen, but it is getting so that if you leave a lady alongside the range too long she begins to ferment. A professional cateress who has been doing nothing more exhilarating than putting frosting on cakes in Hawthorne, N.J., states that she has joined the safari so she can "hunt leopards."

The prospect of so many damsels trekking through the African bush has touched the heart of many a male, and Miss Putnam has had any number of requests from men to join the party. A forty-year-old bachelor from Brooklyn, more persistent than most, has offered to stow away, pay a supplementary fee, or function as a native bearer if Miss Putnam would allow him to sign on.

IN THE interests of propriety and the man's own safety Miss Putnam remained adamant to the end. The only man in tow will be this Mr. Bunny Allen, a hunter of some twenty-one years' experience in the jungle. Whereas Mr. Allen has faced tigers and lions, raging elephants, waterbucks and wild wart hogs, it's a cinch he has never before gone camping in the jungle with fourteen American women. He did indeed do some prepping for this experience recently when he led the expedition that went to East Africa to make the film "Mogambo." A girl by the name of Ava Gardner, who was on that trip, has sent a note to the all-girl safari which describes Mr. Allen as "the kind of a man most any girl would trust to lead her into the jungle."

For the privilege of being led into the jungle each girl will pay $2,500 for the one-month trip, a price which includes everything but rifles, ammunition, and packing and shipping trophies. Field taxidermy, in case any of the ladies should drop a hippopotamus or two, will be done free of charge.

While the all-girl tour is penetrating wildest Africa an all-male bachelor's tour, not to be outdone, will be outbound too. The gents are not going shooting. As a matter of fact, they're not even going bowling. They're heading for Vienna's carnival to go dancing, yet. The fee is $795 including the cost of renting a tailcoat.

—HORACE SUTTON.

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On the Good Ship *Mal de Baghdad*

—S. S. KHEDIVE ISMAIL.

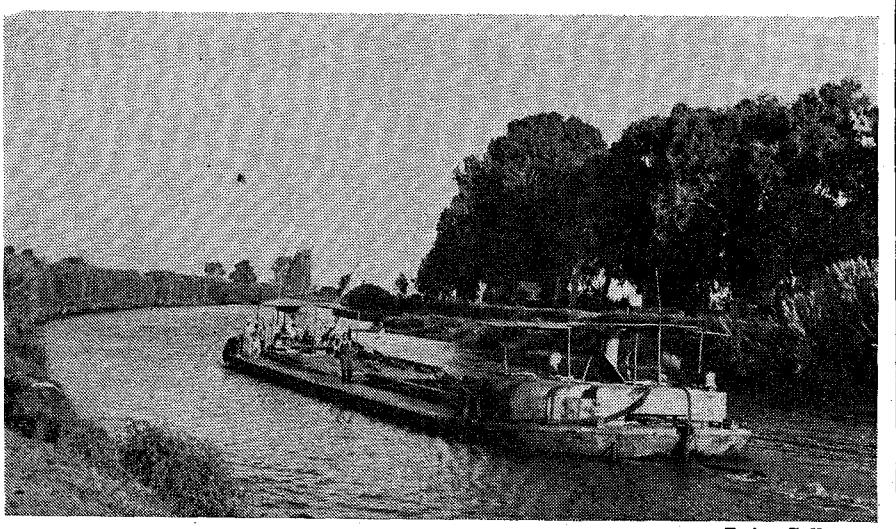
"ASSALAM ALAIKOUM" from the Mediterranean, as we aboard the S.S. *Khedive Ismail* say in Arabic. We also say it, spelled somewhat differently, in the tongue of another old desert tribe with whom Islam is currently at odds. But here on the S.S. *Khedive Ismail*, where thirteen nations and all major religions are represented among the thirty-two passengers, we get along nicely with each other. Although we are predominantly Lebanese or Syrians heading for Beirut and Egyptians disembarking at Alexandria, there is an old French medievalist voyaging from Brooklyn to Marseilles, a seventy-eight-year-old escapee from Russian Berlin off to "Alex" to visit her children, a Greek lady born in Istanbul who is bound for the same port, and a broad-faced Swedish farmer, naturalized in Michigan, who wants to inspect a couple of orphanages he founded in Lebanon. Our West Indies gentleman says he does a pretty fair rumba, and a boy from Baghdad races around the deck in a University of Illinois sweater shouting, "Hi!" His father has prospered peddling dates in Iraq, and the youth himself gives every indication of a quickening talent for trade.

Our ears tingle with quarter-note strains of Arabic wails and at least four different recorded versions of "Hey, Joe!" An intellectual young man whistles a Coptic liturgical chant, and yesterday we picked up a broadcast from Algiers during which a selection of popular native refrains was dedicated to six of the gang, namely Mohammed Sherif, Mohammed Kamal, Mohammed Kaddah, Mohammed Sami, Mohammed Alexan, and Mohammed Ali. In the summertime the guests dance on the deck, but this is the economical off-season and —as the British captain of this Khedivial Mail liner says—"The sea is a bit boisterous, you know," so we rock on our haunches and exchange intelligence about our various countries.

It's a good ship for sharpening up your French, Italian, and Arabic, should you be taking the fifty-one-day, $580-minimum, round-trip to Egypt, with port calls at Marseilles, Genoa, Leghorn, Naples, Piraeus, and Alex. And even if you are as limited in linguistics as the average American, asking how to say "please," "how much?" and "too much" in exotic climes is a winsome way to make friends. The Egyptian students, who have been getting their Ph.D.'s in architecture, civil aeronautics, and sundry ologies (principally at Midwestern schools in the States), laugh gaily at your pronunciation and invite you to visit their homes in Cairo, Luxor, and Memphis. Nevertheless, their spelling of the Arabic terms in the following leaves us uneasy.

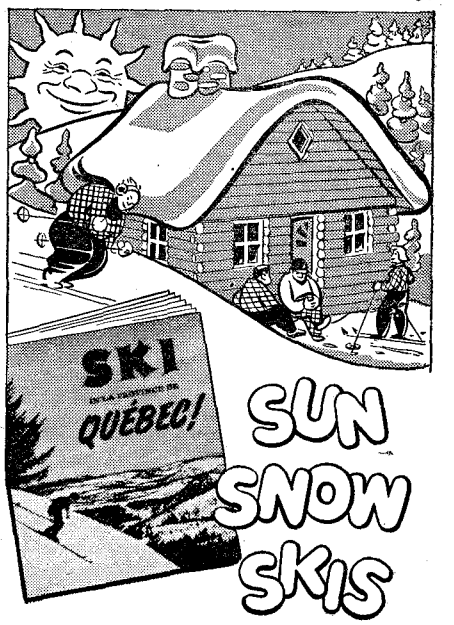
Only three of us aboard are Americans. All female, one is prone of prolonged *mal de mer*, the other two of the bonniest appetite. The only meal we missed was yesterday's breakfast, having overslept after a particularly "boisterous" night during which, due to what is described as "a lively gale," there were loud crashes in the bowels of this vessel, a deck hand broke his arm, and furniture sailed wildly across our cabin.

Colored Egyptian stewards garbed in "bedlehs"—balloon-trousered suits with cummerbunds and scroll-embroidered boleros—bang "seneas," which are large brass trays, to call us



—*Ewing Galloway.*

One of the many canals which connect Alexandria with other cities of the delta.



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to calories. Since we can't bring ourself to try Egyptian horse beans for breakfast, we really start plumping up at luncheon. Hors d'oeuvres de choix are followed by a fish course, a farinaceous course (spaghetti, butterfly macaroni, or some other Italian pasta), a meat-and-potatoes course, Turkish, Dutch, and Egyptian cheeses —the last a tasty spread made from water buffalo milk—fruit, and beverage. Dinner begins with a choice of hot soups, followed by more fish, a variety meat, then the entree—which leans toward lamb but may be anything from Yankee turkey to Egyptian pigeon. (At least they *said* the pigeons came from Egypt and not the New York Public Library steps.) Winding up the evening's repast is Turkish or French pastry, fresh fruit, and beverage. At 10:30 A.M. we have bouillon on deck, at 4:00 P.M. Lipton's black "sheh"—with more sweets. "Don't you worry," we heard a Syrian bride comfort an elderly Armenian woman. "When we get to Beirut I'll take you to the American quarter, and we'll have hot dogs and doughnuts."

Fat or svelte, if one is tolerant of the young it's easy to be a belle on this boat, the ratio of men to women being decidedly favorable. And although alcohol is forbidden to Moslems, who sip Coca-Cola cocktails, we Westerners are kept brandied and Scotched (at, respectively, 32¢ and 26¢ a shot) by renegade Egyptian officers. However, we were five days at sea before we got a good look at the captain—a picturesque man of ruddy complexion with white hair and goatee. That night the purser approached us at "moka," and, in the manner of an emissary from Farouk, announced: "Thee captain ees waiting forr you in thee bar!" Nervously patting our bangs, we giggled and swayed aft to the audience. Unfortunately for this report, his manner was cheerful but reserved.

. . . Hold it. Stimulated by the belated Mediterranean calm, some of the Asians have just swiped a senea and, slapping it like a bongo, are beating out the rhythm of a Lebanese polka. Everyone else is clapping their hands, and one of the portlier Egyptian ladies, who until today has been confined to her cabin looking green and so tragique, has started trilling a tune that sounds like "Ah, Loma." She is also snapping her fingers and doing an accomplished Near Eastern shimmy. Now the rest are joining her, and the dance has become a cross between a Cuban mambo and Sioux war dance. "They're hep," remarks the boy from Baghdad.

And so tomorrow Marseilles. Alaikoum, Assalam!

—ROCHELLE GIRSON.

Just Published

MANY of the books described below, which cannot be reviewed in this issue because of limitations of space, will be given more extended treatment in early numbers.

THE ANGEL WHO PAWNED HER HARP. By Charles Terrot. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3. Some gooseberry jam about a pawnshop in an East London suburb and a sudden lady visitor with a harp.

BREAD IN THE WILDERNESS. By Thomas Merton. New Directions. $6. An account of what the Book of Psalms has meant to the Trappist monk.

ENDEAVORS OF ART: A Study of Form in Elizabethan Drama. By Madeleine Doran. University of Wisconsin Press. $6. A critical study of the Elizabethan backgrounds which directly influenced the great dramatists of that period.

THE HOLIDAY. By Constantine Fitz Gibbon. Simon & Schuster. $2.75. A dark tale about an American doctor who goes on a holiday to a small Italian fishing village he had once been in during the war. There he loses his traveler's checks, cannot get more money from home because of a Western Union mixup, fails to cure a village child, and gets embroiled with a fisher lady, after which the end comes quickly.

HOW WE FOUGHT FOR OUR SCHOOLS. By Edward Darling. W. W. Norton & Co. $3. The author calls this a "documentary novel," and it is the story of how a public school in a typical American community becomes endangered because a minority decides that public education in their town is more expensive than it is worth.

IDEAS AND WEAPONS. By I. B. Holley, Jr. Yale University Press. $3.75. A study of the interrelationships of technological advance, military doctrine, and the development of weapons as they were combined in the use of aerial power by the U.S. during World War I.

KINSEY'S MYTH OF FEMALE SEXUALITY. By Edmund Bergler and William S. Kroger. Grume & Stratton. $3.75. An examination by a practising gynecologist and a practising psychiatrist of Kinsey's report on the sexual mores of American women, which the authors believe to be more mythical than factual because of the limited methods Kinsey & Co. used in putting their report together.

THE LADIES OF THE CORRIDOR. By Dorothy Parker and Arnaud d'Usseau. Viking Press. $2.50. The new play, which recently closed on Broadway and got mixed notices, about some lonely ladies living in a New York hotel.

THE LAST PRINCESS. By Charles O. Locke. W. W. Norton & Co. $3.50. Historical fiction, by the author of "Treasure of the Sun," set in sixteenth-century Peru, and involving the Spaniards and the last days of the Inca empire.

THE LITTLE YELLOW HOUSE. By Jessie McEwen. Bouregy & Curl. $3. A novel about a war-scarred Canadian who cannot find the girl who had nursed him in Europe because of the scandalous tactics of a scurvy brother.

MOUNTIE ON THE TRAIL. By Oscar Olson. Bouregy & Curl. $2.75. A biffsocking yarn about a Canadian Royal Mountie who gets his man.

ON THE FOUR QUARTETS OF T. S. ELIOT. Anon. With a foreword by Roy Campbell. British Book Centre. $2.50. A new critical study of Eliot's four poems.

ONATE: Colonizer of New Mexico. Edited and translated by George P. Hammond and Agapito Rey. University of New Mexico Press. Two vols., $20. The story of the settling of New Mexico by the Spaniard Juan de Onate in 1598 as told in his own words.

THE PERSONALITY OF SHAKESPEARE: A Venture in Psychological Method. By Harold Grier McCurdy. Yale University Press. $5. An attempt, somewhat in the manner of Dr. Ernest Jones, to get at Shakespeare the man through a psychoanalytical examination of the whole body of his work. The author is an associate professor of psychology at the University of North Carolina.

THE PICTORIAL BASEBALL INSTRUCTOR. By Lamont Buchanan. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.95. How to play baseball told in 182 photographs, posed by such eminents as Preacher Roe, Vic Raschi, Curt Simmons, and Bob Lemon.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY IN AMERICAN LIFE. By Ernestine Rose. Columbia University Press. $3.25. A history of the public library as an institution of American life from its beginnings in the nineteenth century to the present.

THE SAVING GRACE. By McCready Huston. J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.50. A novel portraying a much-blooded Philadelphian, with the remarkable name of Hume Probyne, who comes to New York in quest of an errant nephew and while there gets himself entangled with a lady, some martinis, and things.

SCOTLAND'S BURNING. By Nathaniel Burt. Little, Brown & Co. $3.50. A recollective novel about one year in the life of a fourteen-year-old at a boys' boarding school in Virginia.

THE SECOND TREE FROM THE CORNER. By E. B. White. Harper & Bros. $3. A big armful of the neat, beautiful sentences E. B. White has been putting together for the past twenty years or so. Included is his choice, in verse and prose, of the best things he has written during that time for such magazines as *The New Yorker, Atlantic,* and *Harper's.*

SEMINOLE. By Theodore Pratt. University of Florida Press. $2. A play, in two parts, written especially for outdoor production in an amphitheatre. It is principally concerned with Florida's Seminole Indians, is set in that state, and moves in time between 1513 and 1838.

STRANGE CRIMES AT SEA. By Louis B. Davidson and Eddie Doherty. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $3.95. A collection of tales about the sea—bloody, ghostly, and queer —starting in time with Caesar and ending with the Russian battleship *Potemkin.* Included are such as Bligh, Jean Lafitte, and Captain Joseph Wall.

THESE MEN MY FRIENDS. By George Stewart. The Caxton Printers. $6. A kind of memoir, by the author of "Storm" and "Fire," about the men and places—all over the world—he knew and saw while serving with the British in the last war.

TRIUMPH OF LOVE. By Leona Bruckner. Simon & Schuster. $3. An account of how the author and her husband met the challenge, and beat it, of having a child born without any arms.

THE WATERS OF THE END. By Charles Ingle. J. B. Lippincott Co. $3. A novel about three generations in the life of a Virginia family by the winner of the Lippincott Contest for Young Novelists.

WINGED WORDS. By H. L. Stewart. Bouregy & Curl. $2.75. A critical study of the prose works of Sir Winston Churchill.

WOODROW WILSON AND THE REBIRTH OF POLAND. By Louis L. Gerson. Yale University Press. $4. A study of the hand Woodrow Wilson had in the rebirth of the Polish State in 1919. —W. B.

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Fiction

Continued from page 16

cohol than its East Hampton counterparts); the fledgling vultures of the S.S. trying their claws in Munich beer cellars; the agricultural discontent which hastened the advent of totalitarianism; the sometimes eager, sometimes frightened cooperation of Big Money with National Socialism.

Miss Renck obviously knows whereof she wails. But the authenticity of her milieu is smothered by the ferocious melodramatics of her plot. Von Schratt exchanges diabolic whispers with Dr. Goebbels on one page, tearfully kisses the hand of a victimized Jewess on the next, dictates a conscientious report to Himmler in the next chapter, and immediately afterwards exchanges symphonic grief with a winter storm.

His wife, by the way, is not much less mercurial. She starts out as a nice, rich, Jewish girl. Then in roughly this order of succession she is (a) baptized, (b) infatuated with Hitlerism, (c) disillusioned with Hitlerism but still in love with Hitler, (d) disappointed in Hitler but still ready to have lunch with Hjalmar Schacht, and finally, climactically (e) through even with Schacht. Von Schratt not only marries her, divorces her, and remarries her, but undergoes a similar ideological Odyssey with appropriate phlegm. All the characters put their souls through punctual gymnastics each day and none of them is the least bit credible.

If Miss Renck's novel does anything, it points to a lack. Communism has found its novelistic tragedian in Koestler's Rubashov; Fascism to a lesser but still enlightening degree in Moravia's "The Conformist." Theodore Plievier and David Davidson (in "The Steeper Cliff") have written memorable novels that touch on but do not define the etiology of Nazism. This least rational and most demonic perversion of the political impulse requires something on the order of Dostoievsky's "The Possessed" to impale it. "The Wrong Way Home" is an abortive if hard-breathing try at a difficult genre.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "America," Samuel Francis Smith. 2. "John Anderson," Robert Burns. 3. "Recessional," Rudyard Kipling. 4. "Little Boy Blue," Eugene Field. 5. "Battle Hymn of the Republic," Julia Ward Howe. 6. "The Charge of the Light Brigade," Alfred Lord Tennyson. 7. "Requiem," Robert Louis Stevenson. 8. "The Star-Spangled Banner," Francis Scott Key. 9. "Break, Break, Break," Alfred Tennyson. 10. "The Eternal Goodness," John Greenleaf Whittier. 11. "Rabbi Ben Ezra," Robert Browning. 12. "The House by the Side of the Road," Sam Walter Foss. 13. "An Essay on Criticism," Alexander Pope. 14. "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," Thomas Gray. 15. "Song of the Chattahoochee," Sidney Lanier. 16. "To a Skylark," Percy Bysshe Shelley. 17. "The Canterbury Tales," Geoffry Chaucer. 18. "Macbeth," Shakespeare. 19. "Lay of the Last Minstrel," Sir Walter Scott. 20. "The Bells," Edgar Allan Poe.

Notes

INTRIGUE IN PRAGUE: Derrick Nabarro gives a Central European capital an ominous reality in **"The Rod of Anger"** (Sloane, $3)—complete with bombed-out ruins, dingy back streets, the ever-present secret police, and the tired little people over whom they watch. Through the streets of this Prague-like city a British ex-secret agent named John Granger zips in a high-powered Bugatti sports car, in search of a friend of his days in the wartime underground. The captive city which Mr. Nabarro evokes so graphically is in the grip of an Iron Curtain regime that is itself riddled with conflicting forces of intrigue. Granger moves easily among his old underground haunts, finding that a new underground has come into existence to resist the police state. He eventually locates his friend, together with a tangle of exotic trouble, in a series of spine-chilling actions that move as fast as the Bugatti he drives.

Mr. Nabarro describes Granger's maneuvers with ingeniousness, and with enormous authority. Perhaps Mr. Nabarro's personal experience may account for some of his book's authentic impact: he was a prisoner of the Germans during the last war, and managed to escape via occupied France to England, where he rejoined the RAF. But in addition to the realistic cloak-and-dagger atmosphere that permeates the novel, there is an unusual abundance of superior characterization. Like Eric Ambler, Mr. Nabarro has the uncommon talent for making his scoundrels individuals, not stereotypes, and "The Rod of Anger" contains a fascinating gallery of villains, as well as men of good will. If a better novel of suspense has been written in recent years, this reviewer hasn't seen it.

—MARTIN LEVIN.

STRANGE MARRIAGE: The passion of French writers for intimate self-revelation seems unmatched in other literatures. Rousseau confessed all; and in our own day Gide put all down on the record, though he saved the final twist until after his death. The writer Marcel Jouhandeau, an avowed homosexual, married in 1929, and then chronicled his marriage in a series of eight novels which exposed the problems of his life, love, and soul. His art did not imitate life; it recorded it.

From these novels a selection has been put together as **"Marcel and Elise"** (Pantheon Books, $3.50), and accurately subtitled "The Bold Chronicle of a Strange Marriage." From any point of view it is a delightful book. M. Jouhandeau's thought and style shine with sophisticated wit, as excellently translated by Martin Turnell. He admits: "I married partly to make fun of myself, but chiefly in order to suffer." Both fun and suffering are abundant throughout. Marriage also held many surprises. "You've been tricked," the incomparable Elise says to him. "You thought you were marrying Passion, and I am Reason." Actually she was both, separately and fused. She was hardly reasonable when—in a climactic episode—she discovers his love for a young man, and seizes a carving knife to eliminate her rival.

But violence is rare. As the chronicle unfolds with calculated casualness, it subtly sketches the portraits of husband and wife, eloquently showing their hellish torments and heavenly raptures. Addressing her at the end he calls their union consummated and definitive: "Just as the Eternal in His glory is three, so we are two."

—ROBERT HALSBAND.

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Are Poets Returning to Lyricism?

Continued from page 10

occupations run away with him, to the loss of his essential purity and his animating flame.

Stephen Spender states well the difficulty. "Students," he observes, "might be puzzled to answer the question why it is that so frequently a sophisticated critic, with his grasp of the complexities that naturally condition poetry, is not able to write poems better than those of the comparatively simple-minded poets. The answer may be that the shock of art is lost when it is absorbed into a complicated machinery of exegesis."

That the constant pursuit of finer spun complexities and textures has led many a modern poet into the labyrinth of obscurity is a fact apparent to all who attempt to penetrate the mysteries. One wonders whether a dead-end hasn't been reached; whether, to quote George Barker, another British poet, we haven't had our fill of "that exhaustive nagging after effect that has come to be called metaphysical writing"; whether one can't have too much of a good thing; and whether the thing was ever as good as it seemed on first impression.

Observations such as these are signs, or at least hints, that we may be witnessing the decline and demise of the intellectualistic regime and that it may be superseded by the election to office of the "comparatively simple-minded" opposition. We might borrow "It's time for a change" as a campaign slogan, not because change in itself is desirable, but because any administration too long in power inevitably generates seeds of decay. In the present instance it would seem that the original ardors are cooling off, that the original springs of inspiration are becoming choked under the pressures of formalism, cultism, even intellectual snobbism. Overdeep interest in the way a thing is done rather than in the thing itself, overemphasis on form to the slight of substance—these are the omens of decadence in any art, let alone the poetic.

THE art of the intellectual poets was never a popular art; it made its appeal to a sophisticated elite, and the more deeply inbred it became the farther it removed itself from the natural longings and needs of the human heart. Yet it was Ezra Pound who wisely announced in the springtime of his career that one of the first purposes of writing is "to make glad the heart of man." It does not lie within the province of this paper to show how far short Pound fell in his fidelity to this purpose or how his involvement in new skills and alien creeds poisoned, to paraphrase Herbert Read, both his heart and his verses.

The ironic comment on life, so congenial to the intellectual temperament and so effectively presented in much of modern verse, is liable if carried too far to lead to a condition of cynicism and a sense of futility. In contemplating the lot of man and his struggle for spiritual survival and perfectability the poet runs the risk of emphasizing his weaknesses at the expense of the nobility of his aspirations, his faith, and his hope. This myopic distortion creates a false picture, in fact a base and disheartening caricature, since it leaves out the essential characteristics of man; it ignores his nature as a moral, idealistic creature.

While preparing these random notes I had the good luck to come upon a novel rich in worldly wisdom and written from a point of view in many ways corresponding with my own reactions to the current state of poetry. It is entitled "Zorba the Greek"; its author is Nikos Kazantzakis. The story is told in the first person; the narrator is an overcultivated philosopher and man of letters, subjectively imprisoned in his ivory tower, sick at heart and desperate to come to terms with life, and to experience and partake of its riches. In the course of his turmoil he turns to a volume of so-called "pure" poetry which had entranced him as a young man. But, now, in his maturity the spell is broken. This is how he sets down his disillusionment: "I closed the book, opened it again, and finally threw it down. For the first time in my life it all seemed bloodless, odorless, void of any human substance. Pale-blue, hollow words in a vacuum. Perfectly distilled water without any bacteria, but also without any nutritive substances. Without life. . . . The ardent aspirations of the heart, laden with earth and seed, had become a flawless intellectual game, a clever aerial and intricate architecture. . . . All these things which had formerly so fascinated me appeared this morning to be no more than cerebral acrobatics and refined charlatanism."

How faithfully, how percipiently Kazantzakis delineates our present esthetic dilemma! It is from this realization of aridity and emptiness that the heart and the mind instinctively and protectively recoil, to seek elsewhere for nourishment and light. The soul, to use a word in partial eclipse, requires the energizing sustenance of affirmation, or else it perishes.

What the intellectual poets seem either to have overlooked or deliberately rejected is the fundamental indispensable conception that poetry is song, the outpouring of the heart under the stress of feeling. It issues forth spontaneously, impulsively, passionately, defiant of rational interference or restraint. It arises out of a state of innocence and wonder; it flows with intuitive vigor and confidence to reveal and report the innermost truth, the mysterious essence. This great gift of song the intellectuals, preoccupied with systems of prosody and with calculated thought, have seen fit to renounce as something possibly too emotional or too romantic or even too sentimental. Whatever their motive in this regard they have served poetry ill.

The task of oncoming poets is plain: they must rescue their art from sterility. To do so they must first of all recover the lost quality of innocence; they must follow their intui-

Sonnet

By Leona Ames Hill

THIS hurt within my breast that men call love
Is not summed-up in soft words like *adore*;
Has little in kind with velvet cloak or glove,
Or moonlight spilling white across the floor.
Some other woman may contrive to wear
Passion as if it were a sequined gown,
Or pin love like a ribbon in her hair,
Or bear its weight as if it were a crown:
But I have found that love exacts its due,
Is not cast off as silver shoe or dress,
Is not allayed as may be eased the press
Of bright tiara—so I come to you
Bearing the ache of it as might be borne
Within the flesh a deep-imbedded thorn.

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tions wheresoever they may lead and not be afraid of ecstasy; they must recapture spontaneity and music and magic and the capacity for unhampered flight; they must dedicate themselves to Dionysus, the untamed god.

OUT of such endeavors as these one can hope for a resurgence of health. I am advocating not merely the return to lyricism, important though that may be, but more comprehensively for a corrective to the direction modern poetry has taken.

I cannot foresee at this moment the formation of any new school or cult, and I should regard any such eventuality as unfortunate. The art of poetry is not a collective product concocted from a common recipe, but is made up of the diverse contributions of dissimilar individuals, each according to his fashion.

What I presently observe is far from being a wasteland, but rather a soil in need of refertilization. I find encouraging evidence of fruitfulness among young poets in both England and the United States, and I am especially impressed with the appearance on the scene of two figures of significant stature, the Welsh poet Dylan Thomas and the English playwright Christopher Fry. What makes them particularly welcome and attractive is a pervasive joyousness, gusto, and exuberance, and in the case of Fry a Shakespearean warmth of comedy. They sing because singing delights them. They sing, as true poets must always sing, of the eternal themes of love and death and natural beauty and man's battle with destiny in the face of heavy odds. They create out of fullness and strength and spiritual health. Thomas, so recently and tragically cut off in the prime of his powers, lives on both in accomplishment and as a future influence.

It takes no gift of prophecy to report that the tide is turning.

—The foregoing is part of a speech delivered on November 17 of last year before the Institute for Social and Religious Studies, Jewish Theological Seminary of America.

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(Continued from page 41)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1034

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By Doris Nash Wortman

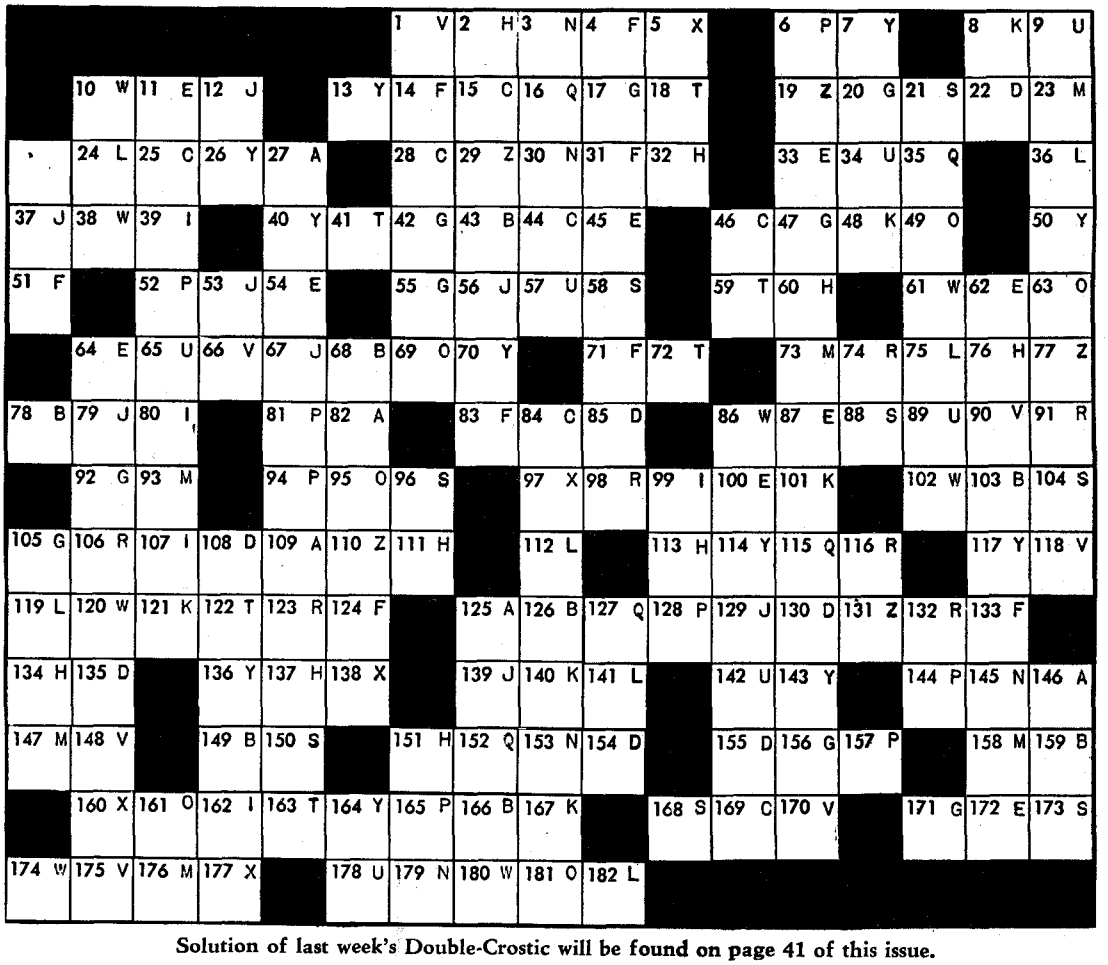
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. To keep telling, singing, etc., esp. with "over."	125 2 27 109 82 146
B. As yet.	126 43 166 68 103 78 159 149
C. Shakespearean hero whose name is given to a small chocolate-covered cake in U.S.	169 46 84 44 28 15 25
D. Author of adventure books of the Nineties, including "Careers of Danger and Daring."	154 135 155 130 85 108 22
E. The "barber's fifth brother" in the Arabian nights, who destroyed his own dream.	87 54 62 64 45 100 11 33 172
F. Effect of the helm on a ship.	14 83 124 51 4 71 31 133
G. What slept on Lorenzo's bank, in the love scene with Jessica (Merchant of Venice).	105 92 156 17 55 20 171 47 42
H. Indicating a choice between twin objects (3 wds.).	60 76 134 111 32 151 113 137
I. What they call a quarter of a year in Scotland.	39 99 162 107 80
J. Lose color by conversion of green chloroplasts to leucoplasts.	129 67 56 139 53 37 79 12
K. To belong, as a fixed element.	8 140 167 48 121 101
L. Incumbent of a shrievalty.	119 182 141 75 112 24 36
M. Dublin's river.	176 158 73 93 147 23

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Aristotle's element from which all heavenly bodies, including the moon, were made.	3 145 179 153 30
O. Colloquial for impudent, brazenfaced.	181 95 63 69 161 49
P. Botanical gardens of trees.	52 128 6 144 157 165 94 81
Q. Specifying engine cylinder with valves on one side (comp.).	115 152 127 16 35
R. Magazine produced by Byron and Leigh Hunt in 1822; four issues only.	116 106 123 91 132 74 98
S. Physiological term for discharging.	173 150 21 58 104 96 168 88
T. Fall in drops.	18 122 72 59 41 163
U. Specifying the World War Soldier who officially represents all others killed.	89 65 57 9 142 178 34
V. Rascally but loyal servant in "Pickwick" of Alfred Jingle.	1 148 66 170 175 118 90
W. The man who makes your glasses.	61 102 10 38 120 180 174 86
X. New President of Harvard.	97 138 160 5 177
Y. In a manner to resist being brought into a desired state, simpler, more normal, etc.	13 70 143 7 117 26 40 114 50 164 136
Z. Stirring.	29 19 131 77 110

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 41 of this issue.

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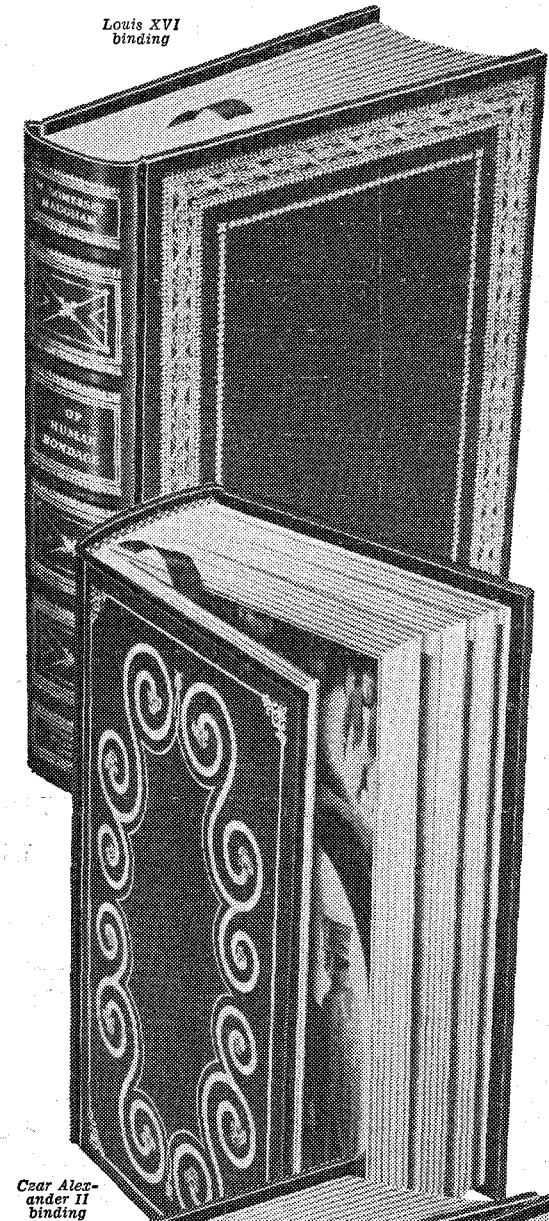

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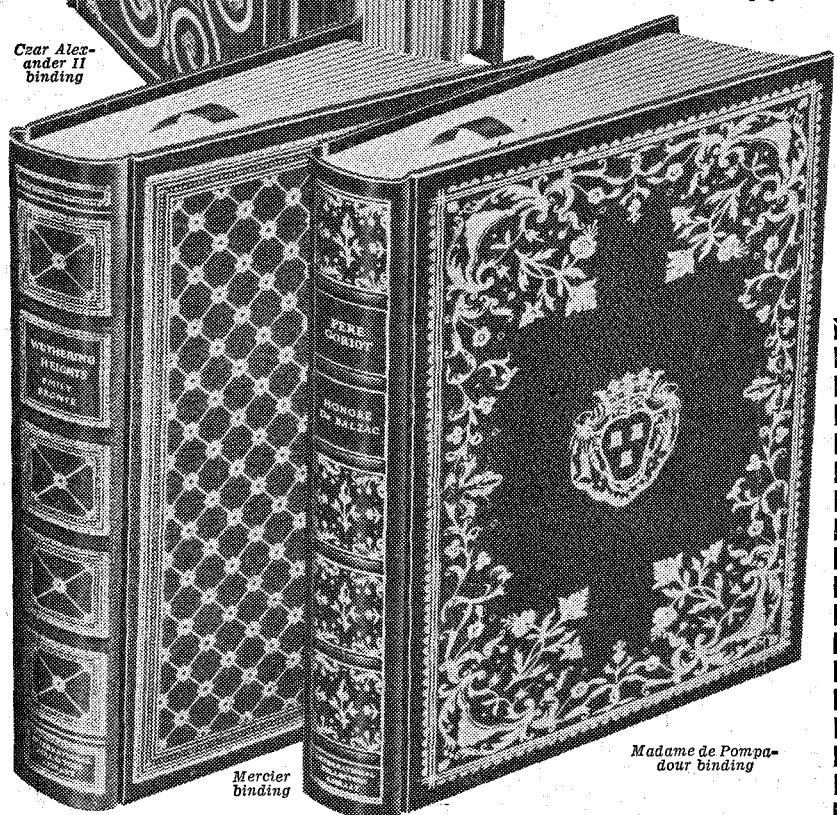

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